THE NATION
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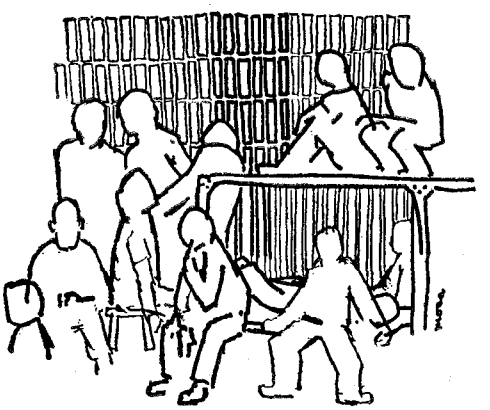
Martin Luther King, Jr.

His Annual Report to 'Nation' Readers on the Goals & Tactics of the Negro Revolt



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LETTERS

Educational TV

Laconia, N.H.

Dear Sirs: Richard M. Elman's "Educational TV: The Tired Crusaders" [*The Nation*, Mar. 1] rings a loud bell in my ears. Perhaps it will interest readers of *The Nation* to hear of my experience with Educational Television vis-à-vis WENH-TV, Channel 11 at the University of New Hampshire in Durham. . . .

Shortly after the station went on the air, it presented a team of four newspaper men discussing current political affairs. I knew all the men and knew they were all Republicans and wondered aloud in my daily newspaper column why no Democrats were invited. At once I was invited to appear on the next program, accepted, and one week later was asked to become the moderator of the program. I accepted that too and, what with the lack of available manpower at the station, I soon found myself not only moderator but producer. . . .

At my own expense I recruited dozens and dozens of people from all walks of life and conducted a two-hour program every week à la the old David Susskind *Open End*. We had Vilhalmur Stefanson and three physicians discussing Stefanson's thesis that cancer was the disease of civilization . . . we had panels of dentists discussing fluoridation; there were civilian pilots, military pilots and air-line pilots discussing safety in the air and at airports; we had judges and lawyers discussing justice. And so forth. . . .

Then I took a couple of weeks off. One week was to cover the inauguration of President Kennedy, the next week I spent in Puerto Rico. When I returned, I learned from the station's program director that the program was no longer to be broadcast. . . .

I investigated and discovered that the governor of the state considered me far too "liberal" for his taste and had issued a ukase to the effect that they either cancel me and the program or the station would not get a dime of state money for its support, the university would have trouble with its budget, etc, etc. And so ended my educational television "career." . . .

Alfred D. Rosenblatt

Flushing, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: Richard M. Elman is to be congratulated for his perceptive piece. . . . One of the most bizarre enterprises of our day is the Ford-financed ETV system. The only answer in the long run is a truly independent ETV network. Someone is going to have to suggest that the financing for this ought to come from commercial TV. . . . As things stand, ETV is starving to death, while commercial TV is making the hugest profits in its history. Canada, England, West Germany and many other countries finance educational TV in this manner. Why not the United States?

Desmond Smith

Clurman on Chekhov

New York City

Dear Sirs: I wish to express my admiration for the sensitive observations of Harold Clurman on the Moscow Art Theatre in your Mar. 1 issue.

His review—tender and poetic in itself—truly evokes the lyricism of the Moscow Art Productions, particularly *The Three Sisters*.

Sara McCarthy

Not only at Christmas

New York City

Dear Sirs: It appears to me that Lincoln Kirstein reviews books only at Christmas time. In view of his astuteness and knowledge about art, would it be possible to read his reviews more often than once a year? Perhaps once a season (or oftener) he could review the new art books.

Marvin Rosenthal

Universal lash

Spokane, Wash.

Dear Sirs: On reading "The Negro as 'Cause'" by Everett C. Ladd, Jr. [*The Nation*, Feb. 15], it occurs to me that criticism, valuable as it may be, can become too severe, too inclusive. Mr. Ladd's lash falls upon all, both conservatives and each group of liberals, with impartial vigor. There is not much point in finding fault with everyone. After all, we ought not to set our standards so high that no one, no matter how lofty his ideals, can reach up to them. It might be advantageous for Mr. Ladd to make allowance for the limitations of the wisest of men.

Benjamin H. Kizer

Good job

Stamford, Conn.

Dear Sirs: I have just finished reading the book section of your issue for Feb. 8 and want to express a note of appreciation. I liked especially the short essay on contemporary comedy by Albert Goldman, the Wade Thompson article on the MLA and the Cheever review by James Scully. That's three out of four, and impressive indeed.

Robert Griffin
University of Connecticut

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Peace Through Bombing

The outlines of American policy in Vietnam are now clear. We are *not* engaged in a tit-for-tat game, as was first represented. Instead, we are bombing North Vietnam on a mounting scale in reply, as Ambassador Taylor puts it, to "continuous aggressive acts" by North Vietnam. This "response" of ours is termed "measured": we are starting with limited operations against targets near the 17th Parallel, and we purpose to keep edging north toward the industrial complex around Hanoi and Haiphong. Our hope is that this display of gradualism will not bring Red China or the Soviet Union into the war, but that at some point the North Vietnamese will call off the Vietcong and negotiate with the South Vietnamese government (if one still exists) and with us. Other parties, the French in particular, are advised to keep their noses out.

As of now, we are certainly able to step up the war according to this formula. In the most recent raid (March 2, against Quanghke and Xombang) we committed 160 aircraft—100 U.S. jet fighter-bombers and sixty South Vietnamese bombers. None of our carrier aircraft was engaged. In none of the engagements has there been interception from the North Vietnamese side. Our losses on March 2 were six aircraft, and at most one pilot. Compared with casualties in World War II aerial attacks, the ratio is quite favorable—so far. In this sense it is a pleasant operation for us, and it has a chance of bringing the enemy to terms.

But not a very good chance. Korea showed that in difficult terrain troops can keep on moving despite continuous air operations. The possibility that North Vietnam may move its troops south is therefore not to to be ruled out. Moreover, these military attacks for political objectives are based on a very shaky premise —that Hanoi can call off the Vietcong whenever it finds it expedient. But it is an axiom of war and diplomacy that each member of a coalition has its own objectives. The National Liberation Front may prefer to get North Vietnam more actively into the war, just as Chiang Kai-shek and Syngman Rhee, while he was in power, have been perfectly willing to risk world war on behalf of their own objectives.

The situation of the President should also be a matter of concern to the ordinary American citizen, who is being involved, willy-nilly, in the confusions of Southeast Asia. The conflicts within the Administration have been largely quelled. McNamara, Taylor, the Joint Chiefs, the Bundys, et al., are agreed on the air strategy in the North. The closer the U.S. air armadas get to Hanoi itself, the more difficult it will be to change the policy. The President may find himself a prisoner of his militant advisers and the armed forces, and the more so if Hanoi's nerves prove to be as good as ours would be if we were on the receiving end.

Now consider the problem of the Soviets. Undoubtedly they have already furnished surface-to-air missiles to North Vietnam, and probably Russian gunners. To make the air strikes more costly for the United States, the Russians must also provide the latest jet fighters and homing missiles—and pilots. They must be under pressure to do so from the North Vietnamese, who are being clobbered, and the Chinese, who now have the Russians on the spot before the rest of the Communist world. The Russians cannot bleat indefinitely about American aggression and future punishment; sooner or later they must suit action to the word, or admit that words are their substitute for action.

All parties can agree on one thing: the game is dangerous, and the new American strategy has made it far more dangerous. In brushing off U Thant and Couve de Murville, the President is playing a long shot. If he loses, the American people will lose with him.

Rockefeller's Re-Entry

Politics is a volatile business. Six months ago, after Goldwater's triumph at the Cow Palace, Nelson Rockefeller was pronounced politically dead by most of the commentators. After the first Tuesday last November, he looked better; a good many Republicans must have wished that he, and not Goldwater, had been nominated. Even so, there were reports that the Governor was of half a mind to resign and not serve out his term. Against this background, he has made a remarkable comeback in recent months.

His proposal for the rehabilitation of the Long Island Railroad was well timed and—given the "free enterprise" fetish—it took courage to make it. It also showed sound political judgment, for the proposal has received practically unanimous approval from people of all shades of opinion. Enough is enough, and Long Island commuters, a notoriously patient lot, have had their fill of "private enterprise" in the field of mass transit.

But there are other factors, less creative but equally important politically, in the re-emergence of Nelson Rockefeller. The Governor stands a good chance of getting from the legislature the largest budget of any state except California, and by all indications he will get it on pretty much his own terms. Because of the unseemly brawling of the Democrats, Rockefeller has in effect been able to choose the majority and minority leaders in both houses of the legislature. Luck was with him that time, but it was more than luck that took all the major planks out of the Democratic kit and presented them to the voters as Republican goodies. The Democrats are now in the unhappy position of having to knock these items out or vote for them. If they vote for these mainly desirable and reasonable proposals, they must also vote the necessary appropriations. And since they may be reluctant to raise the state income-tax rates, they will probably go along with the Rockefeller sales tax. Give the Governor

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high marks too on his "Executive Chamber" monthly TV series, an intelligent and well-conceived plan to inform the public on key issues—a plan that costs the taxpayers nothing, since the Governor pays $20,000 out of his own pocket for each show. Nor have the Governor's prospects been dimmed by the fact that Senator Javits and Rep. John Lindsay have both decided not to challenge Mayor Wagner this year. Putting up a "token" opposition to Mayor Wagner may not be the best way to rebuild the Republican Party nationally, as we suggested in an editorial in last week's issue, but it may contribute to the Governor's plurality in 1966. And it should not be forgotten that a defeat for Mayor Wagner would leave Sen. Robert F. Kennedy as the Democrats' "top banana" in New York. At the moment the prospect for the Mayor's re-election is as bright as the Governor's chances for re-election in 1966. The reappearance of Governor Rockefeller as a figure of consequence on the national scene is good news for the Republican Party. Goldwater has been dethroned and cast aside but the moderate Republicans have yet to reassert national leadership of the party. Rockefeller's new stature will strengthen its liberal-moderate wing.

Exit the Death Penalty

The centenary of *The Nation* coincides with the impending abolition of capital punishment—one of the causes it has sponsored from the beginning. Iowa has just become the tenth state to do away with the death penalty, and Indiana is about to follow. The legislatures of at least seventeen states are prepared to consider the question at their current sessions. Sentiment in favor of total abolition is strong in the legislature of New York, where the death penalty for premeditated murder was made optional two years ago. Joseph Zaretzki, the Senate Majority Leader, is one of those who will vote to abolish, and the Assembly Majority Leader, Moses M. Weinstein, avows a "completely open" mind. Manfred Ohrenstein, representing Manhattan's Upper West Side, demanded in the Senate that Governor Rockefeller stay all executions until the legislature reached a decision. His speech drew support from both Republicans and Democrats, and not a voice was raised in opposition.

Actually, in both New York and California, a *de facto* suspension of executions is in effect. Fifty men are waiting on Death Row at San Quentin—there hasn't been an execution in two years. In New York, twenty-one are in the death house, but there were no executions in 1962 and 1964, and only one in 1963. The situation is the same in some other states. According to the Federal Bureau of Prisons, executions have declined from 199 in 1935 to 21 in 1963, the latest year for which the Bureau has figures.

The standard arguments for and against capital punishment are so timeworn that there is no point in repeating them. The most telling point on the abolition side is that death is irreversible. The case of George Whitmore is a current object lesson. Whitmore, a not-very-bright young Negro, was picked up by the police in connection with a Brooklyn purse-snatching charge, which was subsequently and mysteriously upgraded to attempted rape and robbery. Whitmore confessed to the attempted rape and to the murder of a Brooklyn woman. The police decided they had hit on a real bonanza and extracted still another confession, this one to the 1963 murder of Janice Wylie and Emily Hoffert on Manhattan's East Side. An all-white jury convicted Whitmore on the rape charge. According to an affidavit by one of the jurors, all the members knew that Whitmore also stood accused of killing the two girls, and at least one juror showed racial bias.

After the rape conviction, it was established that Whitmore could not have been the girls' slayer. As matters now stand, he is probably guilty of nothing, yet he confessed to three heinous crimes and in the normal course of events would be well on his way to the electric chair. He is a typical victim of our present judicial system. Almost all executions are carried out on men, guilty or not, who are products of the slums. In effect, death is a punishment reserved for criminality among the poor.

Neither the mores nor the police is likely to change soon, but the judicial murders which disgrace society can be stopped. Abolition in the more enlightened states will put pressure on the others. And the United States in its federal courts should not lag behind Britain, where the House of Commons has already voted to abolish the death penalty for murder.

Protest at Yale

The bare outlines of the case are familiar. An associate professor 30 years old is turned down by a university committee on tenure. Two years later he is rejected again. This time the verdict is tantamount to dismissal, after nine years of teaching at the university. This happens all the time and, as the editor of the *Yale Daily News* remarked in a telephone conversation with the editor of *The Nation*, tenure cases as such are a dime a dozen and nothing to get excited about.

But the Yale editor is excited about this particular tenure case, that of Richard J. Bernstein, an associate professor in the philosophy department. The editor is not alone. As he spoke, fifty students were picketing the president's office. Angry words came from senior professors of the department, which had unanimously recommended that Bernstein be given tenure. Paul Weiss, Sterling professor of philosophy, did not question that the tenure appointments committee had acted conscientiously, but added that its decision was "stupid, unfair, dismaying. . . ." Another professor, Robert S. Brumbaugh, said: "Under the criteria of publications that were used for Mr. Bernstein, we could not have gotten tenure for Aristotle when he was 32, we could not have gotten it for Kant and, on a much homelier level, I could not have gotten it." The students, who also are parties at interest, were equally vehement. "He's far and away the greatest teacher I ever knew," a junior said.

The Nation is reluctant to pass judgment on Mr. Bernstein's dismissal. It does not know all the facts (a

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Yale spokesman said, "We simply do not discuss faculty appointments in public") and it might be suspected of bias, since Mr. Bernstein is a *Nation* contributor. But the case seems to have wide reference. Apparently Mr. Bernstein is an unusually effective teacher, but he has published only one book—although he has another about to be published and a third in progress. So far as outsiders can judge, that was all the tenure committee found wrong with him. They may not have liked some of his past strictures on the Yale academic community, but it would not be fair to assume petty malice from the available evidence.

The students, on the other hand, seem to be less interested in a teacher's publications than in his teaching. They say that the Bernstein case is the last straw. Over the last three years there have been four or five similar cases, in which young men (age 30 to 40) who really reached their students, who excited and inspired them, who made them eager for learning as distinguished from getting high grades and higher earnings after graduation, were not retained. Yet this is the very heart of education as the great educators of the past have viewed it. To produce, to compete, to make reputations in the outside world should, one would think, be secondary to the more personal activity of the classroom.

Perhaps the anti-Bernstein Yale professors should read a recent report by a faculty subcommittee at Amherst. The conclusions are more critical of Amherst than Bernstein ever was about Yale. "A vague sense of disquiet and frustration pervades both students and faculty," the report states. The students often work hard, but "too often they do so joylessly, cynically, grudgingly and for narrow utilitarian ends." If so, our universities are failing in their essential function, and a case like that of Richard Bernstein is only one more symptom of that failure. Under pressure from the students, Yale has agreed to review the Bernstein decision. The administration thus shows an admirable flexibility which may lead it to re-examine its basic criteria for faculty excellence.

A Bad Joke

The Cigarette Advertising Code is a bad joke that is getting worse. During the eight months before the code went into effect, there was at least the hope that it would rise above its origin as a public relations gambit by the industry. The appointment of a "strong man," Robert B. Meyner, former Governor of New Jersey, as administrator lent substance to that hope.

But today, nearly two months after its effective date, the code has already defined its purpose in terms of trivia. So far, the major change instigated by Meyner —in keeping with the title, "tar czar," given him by the trade press—has been the elimination of filter puffery. Now forbidden are such pinnacles of the copywriter's art as Micronite, Actifilter, Multifilter, Selectrate filter, Spin filter, etc.

The tar and nicotine content has been removed from the packages of Carlton, Montclair, Sano and King Sano. Ironically, tobacco lobbyists are reportedly pushing for a health warning label on cigarette packs, reasoning that it could help against lung-cancer lawsuits by smokers, while also forestalling the FTC's demand for warnings on packages *and* ads. The Senate Commerce Committee will open hearings on cigarette labeling and advertising March 22, and the House Commerce Committee is expected to take up the subject shortly thereafter.

At a recent press conference, Meyner commented that he had got into some heated arguments with industry representatives about the application of the code, but it remains to be seen what all the fuss was about. Perhaps the industry figured that, if it fought hard enough over trivial points, Meyner would be discouraged from tackling major concerns, such as youth-oriented appeal of cigarette advertising (cigarette commercials still appear on "family" television programs).

The more depressing conclusion is that the flaw lies not with the administration of the code, nor with the code itself: simply that too much was expected from what was basically a travesty.

There Sits Mayor Wagner . . . . . Jack Newfield

When in doubt—don't. Tomorrow the problem may not be there.
—Robert Wagner, Sr.

For his entire political life Robert Ferdinand Wagner, Jr., 102nd Mayor of New York City, has risen passively, unimaginatively but steadily on the glittering escalator of the Wagner name. He was nominated for the State Assembly in May of 1937, fully a month before he graduated from Law School in the middle third of his class. The name got him a series of three appointments in five years during the O'Dwyer administration, and was climaxed by his election to the Manhattan Borough Presidency in 1949 as the protégé of Carmine DeSapio. He was elected Mayor in 1953.

Today, at the end of his third term, it is not the essentially political dissenters like James Farmer or Michael Harrington who are most outraged by Wagner; rather it is the poets and romantics like Murray Kempton and Norman Mailer who insult him and dream of running against him. The reason: Wagner's policies and appointments hover just within the glow of enlightenment; it is in the realm of style, intellect and aesthetics that he is most offensive.

In spontaneous interviews Wagner is as articulate as Eisenhower on the day of the Suez invasion. His prepared texts read as though drafted by a college freshman under the influence of Leon Uris. His presence is hardly impressive; he walks with the grace and pride of a pitcher retreating to the locker room after being relieved in the first inning.

Jack Newfield is an assistant editor of The Village Voice, *New York.*

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But because he is the son of a beloved Senator, acknowledged to be personally honest and displaying the instincts of a 1930s liberal, these failures of style and mind become the sympathetic traits of a well-meaning super-babbitt. Every time he starts the same sentence four different ways into the outthrust microphone of self-assured Gabe Pressman, Wagner creates greater empathy with all the nonverbal mumblers in his neurotic city.

During a single day in late January Wagner was called a fink by striking welfare workers, and a liar by rival Democrats; he was exasperated by a Harlem tenants' sit-in at his office, and infuriated by a school boycott organized by Rev. Milton Galamison. One week later the strike was settled by the formation of a committee, the rival Democrats had been outmaneuvered, the sit-in was halted by a promise of steam heat, and the Reverend Galamison was momentarily in jail.

A Democratic district leader marveled: "This guy [Wagner] is a magician. He can fall down a sewer and come up smelling like a rose. He'll probably go back to sleep now until he flops down the next manhole."

New York Herald Tribune

Passivity, indecision, deception and an attraction to the bland are the hallmarks of the Wagner style. From passivity, Wagner rarely acts until a crisis gets out of control. Then press releases are written; "crash programs" and "task forces" against dope pushers, slumlords, pornographers and other villains of the moment are announced —and forgotten almost as quickly by the press as by the Mayor.

At the peak of his 1961 primary fight against the bosses, Wagner vowed to "save and transform" the inhuman slum of East 100th Street in Spanish Harlem that is the subject of Woody Klein's excellent book, *Let In the Sun*. Today, East 100th Street is unchanged, except that it has been declared a play street; perhaps it is assumed that a limp volleyball net can cure the drug addicts, kill the rats and provide jobs for the 4,000 people who are jammed into its twenty-six tenements.

One City Councilman, not unfriendly to the Mayor, blames most of Wagner's problems on his passivity. "He became a captive of the bosses," the Councilman said, "only because he abdicated responsibility for making decisions about patronage, middle-level appointments, and the selection of candidates. Carmine was just alert enough to fill the vacuum Wagner left. And now the same thing is happening again, only instead of political leaders, it is special interests like the construction unions, the banks and the World's Fair crowd who are making decisions Wagner should be making himself."

A flagrant and extraordinarily public display of Wagner's docility came at a press conference called in early February to unveil plans for a 15,000-apartment project on the site of Freedomland in the Bronx. A reporter asked Wagner whether he had "taken any steps to make sure that construction crews on the project would be integrated." Wagner answered: "Well, we've been working on that problem. Peter Brennan [president of the building trades council] has been working on that." Brennan suddenly rose from the audience to say: "It's all taken care of Bob. That's all you have to say."

The journalist turned to Brennan and asked: "What do you mean by 'all taken care of,' Mr. Brennan?" Exiting rapidly, Brennan shouted: "I'm not here. I'm not going to answer any questions."

Two other facets of Wagner's style are his indecision and skill at indirection. The most recent manifestation of these qualities came during the recent election of a new Manhattan Borough President, an office left vacant since Edward Dudley was elevated to the bench on January 1.

Deputy Borough President Earl Brown seemed the logical choice to accede to the $35,000-a-year post, especially after the Mayor had made such an issue of seniority in his

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backing of Anthony Travia and Joseph Zaretzki for the leadership posts in the state legislature. But J. Raymond Jones, district leader, City Councilman and Manhattan County Chairman, found Brown "personally obnoxious" and was determined to block him.

Wagner had given Brown a promise of the job two years ago, and this was confirmed by former Tammany leader Edward Costikyan. When all through January Wagner failed to summon a meeting of the eight councilmen from Manhattan, who elect an interim Borough President, speculation mounted that Brown would be dumped. In early February, Bill Blakely, a maverick Democrat, brought a court suit to compel Wagner to convene a meeting of the councilmen "forthwith," as provided by the city charter.

On February 16, after forty-seven days of delay, Wagner summoned the councilmen for an 11 A.M. meeting. At noon the Mayor arrived at City Hall and invited the six Democrats into his office for a private caucus that dragged on for two hours while the two Republicans cooled their heels in the corridor. Inside the caucus, super-babbitt fell under the influence of the forceful personality of Jones, and Wagner made it clear he preferred Jones's candidate, Constance Baker Motley, to Brown. Despite cajolery and threats by Jones, Mrs. Motley failed to get a majority, so the Mayor adjourned the meeting for a week. This was accomplished in a public ritual with the two Republicans dissenting. Afterward, the Mayor told a clot of reporters, "I'm neutral. I am not supporting anyone."

"How this guy gets away with it is a miracle," said a Councilman who had just heard Wagner voice his preference for Motley. "If it was Bobby Kennedy, he'd be damned by the press as a liar, a boss and a Judas for betraying Brown."

In the intervening week Jones, with the Mayor's approval, threatened the two wavering Councilmen with being redistricted out of office if they did not vote for Motley. On February 23, the Mayor consummated his breaking of the promise to Brown by urging Motley's election during a two-hour Democratic caucus. When the closed caucus was over, the Councilmen voted publicly 5 to 3 for Motley, with Jones glowing like a crowned king and Wagner still professing neutrality.

A predilection for weak, impotent candidates is the fourth characteristic of the Wagner style. Whenever there has been a factional fight within the Democratic Party, the Mayor has generally managed to find a protégé even blander than himself.

In 1953, when he first ran for Mayor, he chose as running mates the Brooklyn clothier, Abe Stark, and Lawrence Gerosa, whose speeches made Wagner sound like Stephen Douglas by comparison. In 1958, Wagner supported the ailing, 68-year-old Thomas E. Murray for the Senate nomination, rather than Manhattan District Attorney Frank Hogan, or the liberals' favorite, Thomas Finletter. In 1962, the Mayor endorsed the uninspiring Robert Morgenthau as the nominee for Governor, over Congressman Samuel Stratton, Queens District Attorney Frank O'Connor and industrialist Howard Samuels, all of them effective and energetic aspirants. And last summer, he preferred a vacuum to Robert Kennedy for the Senate nomination until the eve of the convention.

Though assorted fanatics and utopians have talked of challenging Wagner with either the firebrand liberal Congressman William Fitts Ryan in the Democratic primary, or Republican Senator Jacob Javits in the general election, the Mayor appears likely to be elected to an unprecedented fourth term in November. Every power bloc in the city is committed to him—the unions, the Negroes, the Jews, the Catholics, the clergy, the banks and the Liberal Party. There exists neither power base, funds nor stomach for a fusion movement to oppose him.

For another four years he will sit there, passively holding the trump card of his name, trying to keep younger pros like Robert Kennedy, Howard Samuels and Jack Bronston out of the game, and avoiding every opportunity to raise the bet himself. He will tranquilize everyone except the unorganized poor, who are powerless, and those few poets and romantics who are cursed with a vision of something better. Only they seem to realize that Robert Wagner's historic contribution to politics has been to convince everyone else that New York City is ungovernable.

'Let Justice Roll Down' . . . . Martin Luther King, Jr.

For the fifth year running, the Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr., presents to the readers of The Nation *his annual report on the progress of civil rights (see "Equality Now," Feb. 4, 1961; "Fumbling on the New Frontier," March 3, 1962; "Bold Design for a New South," March 30, 1963; "Hammer of Civil Rights," March 9, 1964).*

When 1963 came to a close, more than a few skeptical voices asked what substantial progress had been achieved through the demonstrations that had drawn more than a million Negroes into the streets. By the close of 1964, the pessimistic clamor was stilled by the music of major victories. Taken together, the two years marked a historic turning point for the civil rights movement; in the previous century no comparable change for the Negro had occurred. Now, even the most cynical acknowledged that at Birmingham, as at Concord, a shot had been fired that was heard around the world.

Before examining 1964 in greater depth, some comment is necessary on the events currently unfolding in Alabama. After the passage of the Civil Rights Act, and with the defeat of Barry Goldwater, there was widespread expectation that barriers would disintegrate with swift inevitability. This easy optimism could not survive the first test. In the hard-core states of the South, while some few were disposed to accommodate, the walls remained erect and reinforced. That was to be expected, for the basic institutions of government, com-

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merce, industry and social patterns in the South all rest upon the embedded institution of segregation. Change is not accomplished by peeling off superficial layers when the causes are rooted deeply in the heart of the organism.

Those who expected a cheap victory in a climate of complacency were shocked into reality by Selma and Marion, Ala. In Selma, the position was implacable resistance. At one point, ten times as many Negroes were in jail as were on the registration rolls. Out of 15,000 eligible to vote, less than 350 were registered.

Selma involves more than disenfranchisement. Its inner texture reveals overt and covert forms of terror and intimidation—that uniquely Southern form of existence for Negroes in which life is a constant state of acute defensiveness and deprivation. Yet if Selma outrages democratic sensibilities, neighboring Wilcox County offers something infinitely worse. Sheriff P. C. Jenkins has held office in Wilcox for twenty-six years. He is a local legend because when he wants a Negro for a crime, he merely sends out word and the Negro comes in to be arrested. This is intimidation and degradation reminiscent only of chattel slavery. This is white supremacist arrogance and Negro servility possible only in an atmosphere where the Negro feels himself so isolated, so hopeless, that he is stripped of all dignity. And as if they were in competition to obliterate the United States Constitution within Alabama's borders, state troopers only a few miles away clubbed and shot Negro demonstrators in Marion.

Are demonstrations of any use, some ask, when resistance is so unyielding? Would the slower processes of legislation and law enforcement ultimately accomplish greater results more painlessly? Demonstrations, experience has shown, are part of the process of stimulating legislation and law enforcement. The federal government reacts to events more quickly when a situation of conflict cries out for its intervention. Beyond this, demonstrations have a creative effect on the social and psychological climate that is not matched by the legislative process. Those who have lived under the corrosive humiliation of daily intimidation are imbued by demonstrations with a sense of courage and dignity that strengthens their personalities. Through demonstrations, Negroes learn that unity and militance have more force than bullets. They find that the bruises of clubs, electric cattle prods and fists hurt less than the scars of submission. And segregationists learn from demonstrations that Negroes who have been taught to fear can also be taught to be fearless. Finally, the millions of Americans on the side lines learn that inhumanity wears an official badge and wields the power of law in large areas of the democratic nation of their pride.

In addition to these ethical and psychological considerations, our work in the black-belt counties of Alabama has enabled us to develop further a tactical pattern whose roots extend back to Birmingham and Montgomery. Our movement has from the earliest days of SCLC adhered to a method which uses nonviolence in a special fashion. We have consistently operated on the basis of total community involvement. It is manifestly easier to initiate actions with a handful of dedicated supporters, but we have sought to make activists of all our people, rather than draw some activists from the mass.

Our militant elements were used, not as small striking detachments, but to organize. Through them, and by patient effort, we have attempted to involve Negroes from industry, the land, the home, the professions; Negroes of advanced age, middle age, youth and the very young. In Birmingham, Montgomery, Selma, St. Augustine and elsewhere, when we marched it was as a community, not as a small and unimpressive, if symbolic, assemblage. The charge that we were outside agitators, devoid of support from contented local Negroes, could not be convincing when the procession of familiar local faces could be seen block after block in solid array.

The second element in our tactics after Montgomery was to formulate demands that covered varied aspects of Negro life. If voting campaigns or lunch-counter sit-ins appeared central in press reports, they were but a part of our broader aims. In Birmingham, employment opportunities was a demand pressed as forcefully as desegregation of public facilities. In Selma, our four points encompass voting rights, employment opportunities, improved interracial communication and paved streets in the Negro neighborhoods. The last demand may appear to Northerners to lack some of the historic importance of voting rights. To the Southern Negro the fact that anyone can identify where the ghetto begins by noting where the pavement ends is one of the many offensive experiences in his life. The neighborhood is degraded to degrade the person in it.

We have found that when we make a package of our demands, our goals are clarified and victory becomes easier. This has not meant that we would refuse to recognize partial gains or to call a pause when we had made significant progress. Taking a leaf from the trade unions, we have accepted less than full victory, knowing that a degree of success is a foundation from which later struggles can be launched for additional gains.

We have come to believe that the combining of concrete demands, flexibly handled, with mass community involvement, all conducted with nonviolent direct action is the formula for accomplishment in the South. The widespread public interest and sympathy we receive are less a tribute to outstanding personalities than a response to the deeper attraction of a whole people on the move for realizable objectives.

Some may wonder whether the continued turmoil in 1965 implies that the gains of 1963-64 were illusory. Not so. We have already scored victories in the black belt which would have seemed foolish dreams a few years back. Violence has been controlled, though not eliminated.

What did we accomplish in 1963-64 specifically and where will it take us?

The Civil Rights Act of 1964 is important even beyond its far-reaching provisions. It is historic because its enactment was generated by a massive coalition of white and Negro forces. Congress was aroused by them from a century of slumber to a legislative achievement of rare quality. These multitudinous sponsors to its enactment explain why sections of the Act were complied with so hastily even in some hard-core centers of the South.

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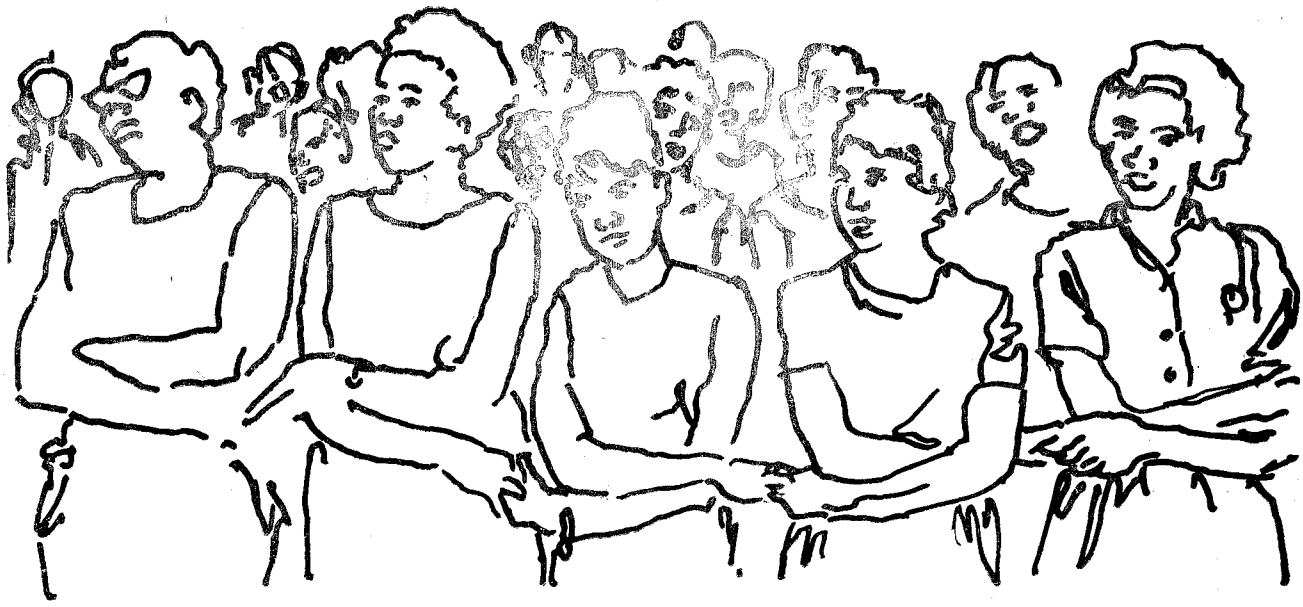

The Mississippi Summer Project of the combined civil rights organizations was accorded the traditional Mississippi welcome of murder, arson and terror, and persisted under fire until even the Klan recognized that its sanctuary had been overrun. The isolated Negroes of that state were drawn into the vibrant national struggle. To mark their new status they formed a political party whose voice was heard loudly and clearly at the Democratic National Convention and in the Congress.

But perhaps the most significant development of 1963 and 1964 was the emergence of a disciplined, perceptive Negro electorate, almost 100 per cent larger than that of the 1960 Presidential election. Mississippi, the Civil Rights Act, and the new massive Negro vote each represents a particular form of struggle; nevertheless, they are interrelated. Together, they signify the new ability of the movement to function simultaneously in varied arenas, and with varied methods.

Each accomplishment was the culmination of long years of ache and agony. The new Negro vote best illustrates this point. Quietly, without the blare of trumpets, without marching legions to excite the spirit, thousands of patient, persistent Negroes worked day in and day out, laboriously adding one name to another in the registration books. Finally on November 7, in an electoral confrontation vitally important to their existence, they displayed the power which had long been accumulating. On the following day every political expert knew that a mature and permanent Negro electorate had emerged. A powerful, unified political force had come into being.

Goldwater had sneered at the Negro and fawned on the segregationists, confident that thus he would establish a viable Republican Party throughout the South. When the votes were counted, Florida, Tennessee and Virginia, which had been Republican since 1948, shifted to the Democrats by the margin provided by the Negro vote. In other Southern states the Negro vote either won for Johnson or narrowed the Goldwater victory to razor-thin proportions. The inevitable growth merely of the Negro vote gives assurance that the victories of Goldwater's adherents, few as they are, have a short life expectancy.

Aside from its numerical triumph, the Negro electorate demonstrated a capacity for cool, intelligent selection. Aware that President Johnson had kept faith, they awarded him an astounding 95 per cent of their total in a manifestation of unity and discipline unique in political history. Even an absurd last-minute maneuver to split the vote by urging Negroes to write in my name for President proved a dismal failure.

Another proof of the Negro electorate's maturity was its response to the call of Negro leaders to turn away from other forms of action during the campaign. We asked the Negro voter to make his ballot the primary weapon of the hour. He not only responded with discipline but became a vigorous community mobilizer in electoral campaigns, North and South. In 1963, we found the Negro ready to take to the streets in the millions to demonstrate; in 1964, he was equally alert and energetic in ringing doorbells to swell the landslide that was destined to give reaction its most stunning rebuke since the days of Franklin Roosevelt.

While elsewhere electioneering was being conducted systematically, another detachment was assaulting the fortress walls of Mississippi, long immune to the discipline of justice. As the confrontation boiled and seethed even in remote rural counties, the revulsion of decent Americans mounted. The wanton burning of churches, the inexpressibly cruel murder of young civil rights workers, not only failed to paralyze the movement; they became a grisly and eloquent demonstration to the whole nation of the moral degeneracy upon which segregation rests.

The Civil Rights Act was expected by many to suffer the fate of the Supreme Court decisions on school desegregation. In particular, it was thought that the issue of public accommodations would encounter massive defiance. But this pessimism overlooked a factor of supreme importance. The legislation was not a product of charity of white America for a supine black America, nor was it the result of enlightened leadership by the judiciary. This legislation was first

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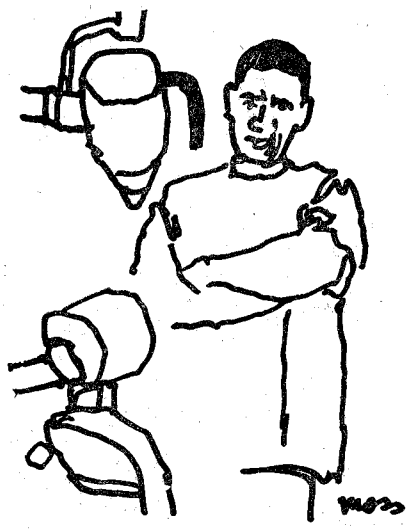
written in the streets. The epic thrust of the millions of Negroes who demonstrated in 1963 in hundreds of cities won strong white allies to the cause. Together, they created a "coalition of conscience" which awoke a hitherto somnolent Congress. The legislation was polished and refined in the marble halls of Congress, but the vivid marks of its origins in the turmoil of mass meetings and marches were on it, and the vigor and momentum of its turbulent birth carried past



the voting and insured substantial compliance.

Apart from its own provisions, the new law stimulated and focused attention on economic needs. An assault on poverty was planned in 1964, and given preliminary and experimental shape.

The fusing of economic measures with civil rights needs; the boldness to penetrate every region of the Old South; the undergirding of the whole by the massive Negro vote, both North and South, all place the freedom struggle on a new elevated level.

The old tasks of awakening the Negro to motion while educating America to the miseries of Negro poverty and humiliation in their manifold forms have substantially been accomplished. Demonstrations may be limited in the future, but contrary to some belief, they will not be abandoned. Demonstrations educate the onlooker as well as the participant, and education requires repetition. That is one reason why they have not outlived their usefulness. Furthermore, it would be false optimism to expect ready compliance to the new law everywhere. The Negro's weapon of nonviolent direct action is his only serviceable tool against injustice. He may be willing to sheath that sword but he has learned the wisdom of keeping it sharp.

Yet new times call for new policies. Negro leadership, long attuned to agitation, must now perfect the art of organization. The movement needs stable and responsible institutions in the communities to utilize the new strength of Negroes in altering social customs. In their furious combat to level walls of segregation and discrimination, Negroes gave primary emphasis to their deprivation of dignity and personality. Having gained a measure of success they are now revealed to be clothed, by comparison with other Americans, in rags. They are housed in decaying ghettos and provided with a ghetto education to eke out a ghetto life. Thus, they are automatically enlisted in the war on poverty as the most eligible combatants. Only when they are in full possession of their civil rights everywhere, and afforded equal economic opportunity, will the haunting race question finally be laid to rest.

What are the key guides to the future? It would not be overoptimistic to eliminate one of the vain hopes of the segregationists—the white backlash. It had a certain reality in 1964, but far less than the segregationists needed. For the most part it was powered by petulance rather than principle. Therefore, when the American people saw before them a clear choice between a future of progress with racial justice or stagnation with ancient privilege, they voted in landslide proportions for justice. President Johnson made a creative contribution by declining to mute this issue in the campaign.

The election of President Johnson, whatever else it might have been, was also an alliance of Negro and white for common interests. Perceptive Negro leadership understands that each of the major accomplishments in 1964 was the product of Negro militancy *on a level that could mobilize and maintain white support.* Negroes acting alone and in a hostile posture toward all whites will do nothing more than demonstrate that their conditions of life are unendurable, and that they are unbearably angry. But this has already been widely dramatized. On the other hand, whites who insist upon exclusively determining the time schedule of change will also fail, however wise and generous they feel themselves to be. A genuine Negro-white unity is the tactical foundation upon which past and future progress depends.

The rapid acceleration of change in race relations in the nation is occurring within the larger transformation of our political and economic structure. The South is already a split region, fissured politically and economically as cleanly as the Mississippi River divides its banks. Negroes by themselves did not fragment the South; they facilitated a process that the changing economy of the nation began. The old rural South, essentially poor and retarded, had to industrialize as agricultural regions contracted under the impact of heightened soil productivity. The exodus from Southern farms coincided with the influx of industry seeking the natural resources and cheaper labor market of the area.

The new industry introduced modern methods of production in order to compete with the North as well as with the flood of imports, especially those from Germany and Japan. In the altering of job patterns, a new kind of white worker and manager emerged, the more sophisticated skills requiring a cultural and social milieu entirely inconsistent with the tobacco-road society of the past. A new South was born with powerful potentiality for growth and influence.

Negroes were drawn off the farms into urban service and into limited, semi-skilled occupations. Though many migrated North, most remained in the South. Just as they had not been content to erode with the old plantations, they were not disposed to take a permanent place as industrial untouchables. The ferment of revolutionary change by the backward and dispossessed peoples of the whole world inspired them to struggle. In some areas, economic and social change enabled them to advance against an opposition that was still formidable but of a different quality than that of the past. The new South, with its local needs and with an eye to its national image, could not adhere to the brutal, terroristic overseer psychology of bygone days. For

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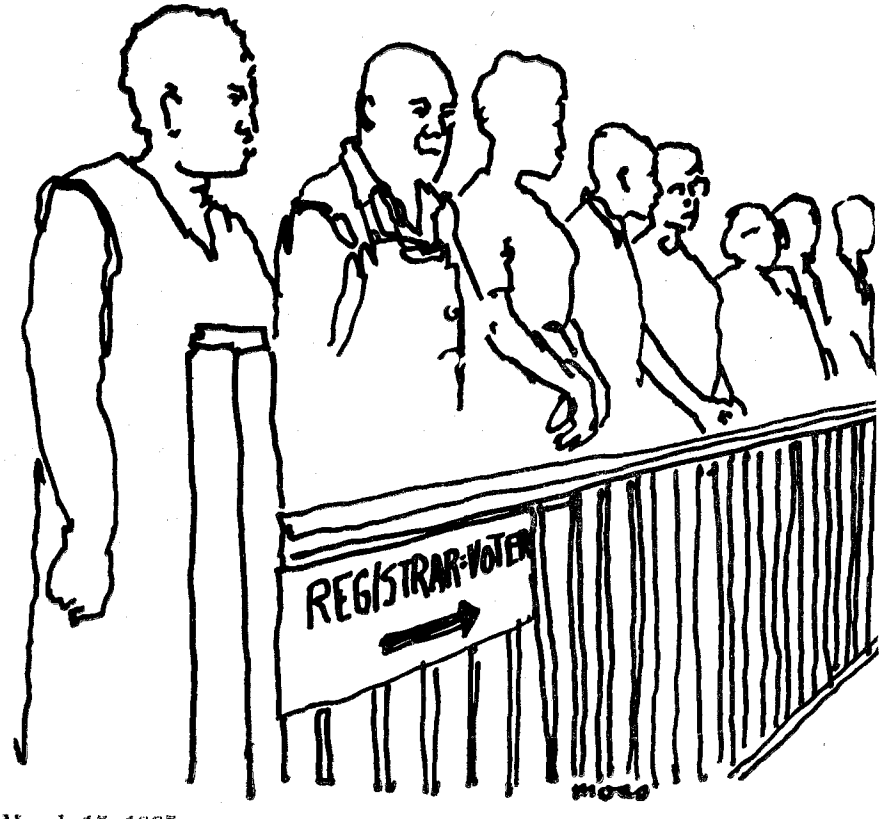
these reasons Atlanta, Savannah and some cities of Florida are markedly different from the underdeveloped belts of Mississippi, Louisiana and Alabama.

When the Negro devised the new weapon of nonviolent direct action he was, paradoxically, building a bridge to the new South. It gave him the capacity to impede development of the new economy without using violence or acting with the motivation of revenge. The new Southern power elite, already struggling with the old plantation aristocracy, had to choose between some alteration of social patterns or stagnation and dislocation.

Hence, in different places and with different approaches, the Negro Freedom Movement found some forces they could negotiate with, and who objectively became allies —usually reluctant, unstable and fearful, but allies, nevertheless—in forcing change.

In the next period, Negroes are likely to find new white Southern allies of even greater importance among the rural and urban poor. It is an irony of American history that Negroes have been oppressed and subjected to discrimination by many whose economic circumstances were scarcely better than their own. The social advantages which softened the economic disabilities of Southern poor whites are now beginning to lose some of their attractions as these whites realize what material benefits are escaping them. The section of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 which withholds federal aid when it is used discriminatorily in federally assisted programs has revolutionary implications. It ties the interests of whites who desperately need relief from their impoverishment to the Negro who has the same needs. The barriers of segregation are splintering under the strain of economic deprivation which cuts across caste lines. To climb the economic ladder, Negro and white will have to steady it together, or both will fall.

The intense yearning in contemporary society for material goods will inexorably act as pressure on the poor white to moderate his bias. The operation of these interacting forces is at an early stage, but it is real. Many poor whites who are still mired in prejudice voted for the same candidate as had the Negro. They could participate in a *de facto* alliance in the privacy of the polling booth. However, when the votes were counted, the reality of this alliance became evident, and before long the open secret will have to be frankly acknowledged.



This is already occurring among many who have run for office in different areas of the South. Many old-line political leaders have been contending for office. The faces were the same as of old, but looking closely, one could see that some of the features had changed. Especially, the language had changed: "Negro," not "darky"; "the law of the land," not "States' rights"; the "new prosperity and affluence," not the "old Southern traditions." These new phrases may be uttered with many private agonies, but their commitments are public.

Space does not permit a sufficient discussion of the President's program, nor is it yet adequately elaborated. But without wishing to diminish the high respect which the President earned from the civil rights movement, one aspect of his program should be studied, if only because of the emphasis he has given it. The President's concept of consensus must be subject to thoughtful and critical examination. *The New York Times* in a perceptive editorial on December 20 asked if Mr. Johnson really means to be a "consensus President." It pointed out that such were Coolidge and Eisenhower, who "served the needs of the day but not of decades to come. They preside over periods of rest and consolidation. They lead no probes into the future and break no fresh ground." The *Times* then added, "A President who wants to get things done has to be a fighter, has to spend the valuable coin of his own popularity, has to jar the existing consensus. . . . No major program gets going unless someone is willing to wage an active and often fierce struggle in its behalf."

The *Times* is undeniably correct. The fluidity and instability of American public opinion on questions of social change is very marked. There would have been no civil rights progress, nor a nuclear test-ban treaty, without resolute Presidential leadership. The issues which must be decided are momentous. The contest is not tranquil and relaxed. The search for a consensus will tend to become a quest for the least common denominator of change. In an atmosphere devoid of urgency the American people can easily be stupified into accepting slow reform, which in practice would be inadequate reform. "Let

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Justice roll down like waters in a mighty stream," said the Prophet Amos. He was seeking not consensus but the cleansing action of revolutionary change. America has made progress toward freedom, but measured against the goal the road ahead is still long and hard. This could be the worst possible moment for slowing down.

A consensus orientation is understandably attractive to a political leader. His task is measurably easier if he is merely to give shape to widely accepted programs. He becomes a technician rather than an innovator. Past Presidents have often sought such a function. President Kennedy promised in his campaign an executive order banning discrimination in housing. This substantial progressive step, he declared, required only "a stroke of the pen." Nevertheless, he delayed execution of the order long after his election on the ground that he awaited a "national consensus." President Roosevelt, facing the holocaust of an economic crisis in the early thirties, attempted to base himself on a consensus with the N.R.A.; and generations earlier, Abraham Lincoln temporized and hesitated through years of civil war, seeking a consensus before issuing the Emancipation Proclamation.

In the end, however, none of these Presidents fashioned the program which was to mark him as historically great by patiently awaiting a consensus. Instead, each was propelled into action by a mass movement which did not necessarily reflect an overwhelming majority. What the movement lacked in support was less significant than the fact that it had championed the key issue of the hour. President Kennedy was forced by Birmingham and the tumultuous actions it stimulated to offer to Congress the Civil Rights Bill. Roosevelt was impelled by labor, farmers and small businessmen to commit the government in revolutionary depth to social welfare as a constituent stimulus to the economy. Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation under the pressure of war needs. *The overwhelming national consensus followed their acts; it did not precede them.*

The contemporary civil rights movement must serve President Johnson in the same fashion. It must select from the multitude of issues those principal creative reforms which will have broad transforming power to affect the whole movement of society. Behind these goals it must then tirelessly organize widespread struggle. The specific selection of the correct and appropriate programs requires considerable discussion and is beyond the purview of this study. A few guidelines are, however, immediately evident.

One point of central importance for this period is that the distribution of Negroes geographically makes a single national tactical program impractical. During the Civil War, Frederick Douglass perceived the difference in problems of Negroes in the North and in the South. He championed emancipation, aside from its moral imperatives, because its impact would transform the South. For the North, his principal demand was integration of Negroes into the Union Army.

Similarly today, the Negro of the South requires in the first place the opportunity to exercise elementary rights and to be shielded from terror and oppression by reliable, alert government protection. He should not have to stake his life, his home or his security merely to enjoy the right to vote. On the other hand, in the North, he already has many basic rights and a fair measure of state protection. There, his quest is toward a more significant participation in government, and the restructuring of his economic life to end ghetto existence.

Very different tactics will be required to achieve these disparate goals. Many of the mistakes made by Northern movements may be traced to the application of tactics that work in Birmingham but produce no results in Northern ghettos. Demonstrations in the streets of the South reveal the cruel fascism underlacing the social order there. No such result attends a similar effort in the North. However, rent strikes, school boycotts, electoral alliances summon substantial support from Negroes, and dramatize the specific grievances peculiar to those communities.

With the maturation of the civil rights movement, growing out of the struggles of 1963 and 1964, new tactical devices will emerge. The most important single imperative is that we continue moving forward with the indomitable spirit of those two turbulent years. It is worth recalling the admonition of Napoleon (he was thinking of conquest, but what he said was true also of constructive movements): "In order to have good soldiers, a nation must always be at war."

SHALE OIL

The Cartel's Ace in the Hole . . . Roscoe Fleming

Denver, Colo.

Powerful private interests are again working hard to snatch control of the nation's largest potential oil resource—the shale deposits—from the people who own it. The purpose is twofold: first, to stifle immediate competition with the world oil cartel; second, to enable the latter to treat the shale as a private reserve, to be locked up for the industry's profit in the distant future.

The prize is a potential 2 *trillion* barrels of shale oil locked in a giant fossil lake that covers 16,000 square miles of Western Colorado, and adjacent Wyoming and Utah. This is actually the world's largest known oil reserve, an energy resource almost as great as that of our coal deposits. About 72 per cent of the area, containing an estimated 85 per cent of the oil, is still owned by the public through the federal government. The rest, including some of the richest, is already in private hands. [See "Shale-Oil Shell Game" by Ros-

Roscoe Fleming is a columnist for the Denver Post and other publications.

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coe Fleming, *The Nation*, May 18, 1957.]

The oil industry has blocked public research and development for decades, against the day when it hopes to take this enormous resource entirely out of public control. The industry's friends in Congress are right now seeking legislation to force the government to lease the public reserves, and to revive private claims that were canceled thirty-five years ago because claimants failed to follow them up as the law requires.

Only a small fraction of the total shale resource is recoverable by present techniques even under the most encouraging conditions, but the deposit is an indispensable ace in the hole for a nation whose material future will depend increasingly on liquid fuels.

Over much of the area the oil-bearing rock is 1,500 feet deep, striated horizontally with richer and leaner oil strata like the leaves of a book. Even the richest shale is 90 per cent rock, a tough, hard marlstone that doesn't break up easily. After breaking or pulverizing, it must be heated to drive off the hydrocarbons as vapor, which is then condensed by cooling.

The product is still not crude oil in the usual sense, but "kerogen," a mishmash of organics that resembles only the lowest-grade liquid crudes, and won't flow through a pipe line. It would therefore have to be refined on the spot, and the resulting gasoline and fuel oils would still have to be piped a thousand miles to any major markets.

Further, even the most elementary public conservation measures would insist that the developer not dump his spent shale ash to deface the mountains, and to blow "back east" on the winds. And the enterprise would have to bid for scarce Western water against prior users and usages, some of which at least would be rated as more in the public interest than the production of shale oil.

For another consideration, the government gets 12.5 per cent royalties on mineral production from dry lands, and 16.5 per cent from offshore minerals. Shale-oil production probably could not stand paying such royalties on top of its other handicaps. But would the public in turn stand for granting it concessions free of royalties?

One member of an advisory committee to Interior Secretary Stewart Udall said that it would cost $100 million to build even a modest refinery of 50,000 barrels daily capacity. No wonder the committee member most outspoken in the public interest, Harvard economist John Kenneth Galbraith, has said that the oil industry's real purpose is not to develop the resource, but to "alienate the land." This earned Dr. Galbraith a sneer from Colorado's two Republican Senators, Messrs. Allott and Dominick, that Galbraith's "long history of anti-private enterprise is well known." Reading Galbraith would disprove this, but who expects Republican Senators from Colorado to have read Galbraith?

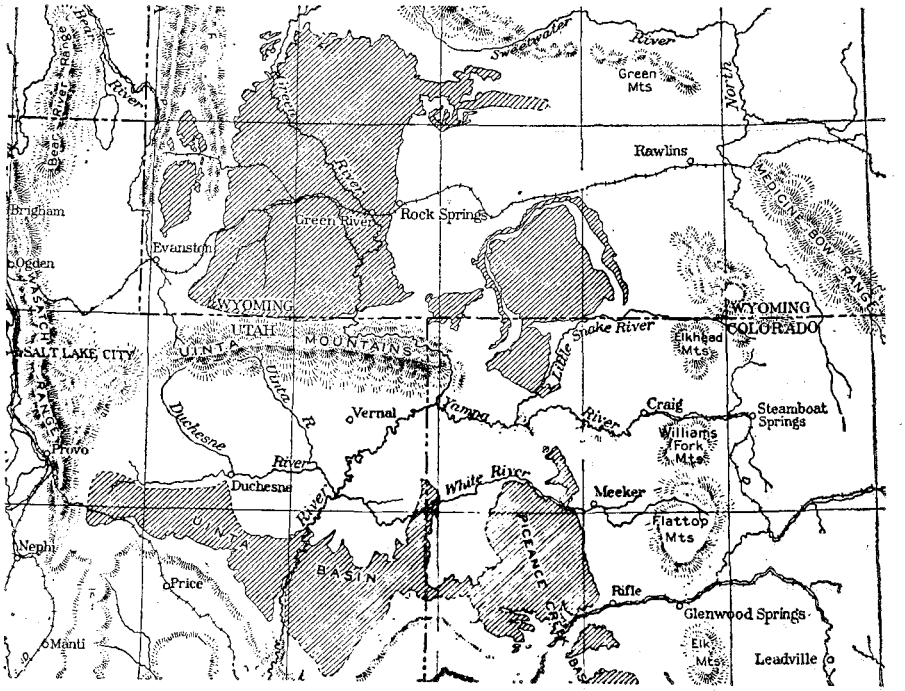
On February 26, the Denver *Post* quoted Rep. Wayne Aspinall of Colorado, chairman of the House Interior and Insular Affairs Committee, as saying that his committee may call members of the advisory commission to "answer some searching questions," not about the topic itself, but about "the personal ideology of members of the commission. . . . We may have to go outside the report to find out what prompted them to take their positions. . . . The report and the operation in which it was prepared remind me of my boyhood days on the farm where we used to get some guineas, quail and other strange fowl into our back yard and it always took time to get them to live with the chickens."

The *Post* reported that Mr. Aspinall took particular exception to the views of Galbraith. His attitude, if one reads his fowl-taming analogy aright, is that anyone who dares to dissent from an "establishment" attitude is to be called up and browbeaten.

These reactions typify the very real passion that the shale issue has always aroused, as well as the real frustration of local interests. For half a century Coloradoans have been assured that their state possesses one of the nation's great mineral treasures and that a big shale industry is just around the corner —only to see this glittering prospect maddeningly move into the future like a mirage into the desert. They want something *now*, and their politicians encourage them to believe that shale development can be instantly achieved as from a cake mix, and that they can have this cake and eat it too.

But now Udall, unpopularly clear-eyed, comments that the advisory report, although split several ways, does indicate that a shale-oil industry is "at least a decade away." That same old decade with which they've been put off for decades!

Actually, Resources for the Future (whose director, Dr. Joseph L. Fisher, was chairman of the advisory committee) commented years ago that the oil industry's only interest in shale is as insurance for the far future, when the now-plenti-



U.S. Bureau of Mines

Shale Deposits Shown by Shading

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ful well deposits are exhausted. However, Colorado's two Senators and its Republican Governor continue to insist that delay is outrage, and demand that the deposits be turned over to private industry for quick development.

The same oil industry that is now coyly willing to relieve the taxpayer of his burden of shale reserves, has previously opposed even federal research, let alone development. After Hitler's submarines sank so many oil tankers, Congress enacted a crash program for turning coal and shale into liquid fuels. The Bureau of Mines, in charge, opened a shale mine at Rifle, Colo., and built an experimental continuous-flow retort (previously, shale oil had been refined only in batches, a tedious and inefficient process). Everyone agrees that the bureau did a fine job. It devised methods by which it could lay down broken-up shale at the retort for 30c a ton, and lowered the total immediate cost of producing liquid from shale to somewhere near the cost from petroleum.

But then came the election of Eisenhower and the ascendancy of the oil industry to a place of potency through its advisory committee to the Department of Interior. Interior Secretary Douglas McKay, the industry's great and good friend, got Congress to abolish the coal and shale programs. The industry's leaders ostensibly feared competition from the government, something most unlikely under any conceivable administration.

Revival of the program in any form was stymied until recently, when a group of the large oil companies with oil-shale acreage financed a research program at Rifle under direction of the Colorado School of Mines Research Foundation. The school's president, Dr. Orlo E. Childs, was a member of the advisory committee named by Udall. This program is still too young to have produced results.

Union Oil Co., a have-not so far as major reserves either here or abroad are concerned, but possessor or lessee of several thousand acres of shale lands, built a $5 million experimental refinery near Rifle in the late 1950s. But after three years' operation it was shut down without any announcement of plans for commercial development.

There is one more entrant. The Oil Shale Corp. of Los Angeles bought U.S. rights to the so-called Aspergren process of Sweden, and commissioned the University of Denver to conduct small-scale recovery experiments with it. This process involves heating steel or ceramic balls and mixing them with the pulverized shale. The heat drives off most of the hydrocarbons as vapor which can then be recondensed, while the spent shale retains enough fuel value to provide the heat. But as with other processes, there is no announcement that this ingenious device is useful on a commercial scale. Apparently methods rapid and cheap enough for commercial exploitation have yet to be developed.

Why doesn't the industry experiment on its own lands, which are ample for commercial development? Galbraith answers that its reluctance to do so again shows a desire to dominate, rather than to develop. Besides, this resource will grow more valuable with time, so the industry may prefer to save its own holdings until later.

In one respect the oil-shale people do have a case: The government subsidizes other petroleum interests far more heavily than the shale companies. Well producers enjoy a "depletion allowance" free from taxes of 27.5 per cent of their gross income, not to exceed 50 per cent of net. This was granted them early in the Hoover administration, ostensibly to compensate for the wasting nature of their resource. In practice, it means hundreds of millions of extra dollars yearly for the industry. But developers of shale get only 15 per cent, so that the rival producers of petroleum are almost twice as heavily favored. The shale people contend that they should have the 27.5 per cent allowance also, and that it should be reckoned against the higher value of kerogen, their equivalent of crude oil, rather than against the much smaller value of shale rock in place.

Of course, reduction of the oil-depletion allowance would better serve the public interest, since it would increase government revenue, but with Congressmen from oil-producing states always alert to spring to arms, this is unlikely. So if there is any concession, it will be toward a larger depletion allowance for shale production.

Secretary Udall is in a difficult position. Washington reports say that the President, worried about the possible implications of his own long and tender association with the oil industry, took that "the buck stops here" sign, left on the Presidential desk by Harry Truman, and planted it firmly on Udall's desk insofar as oil is concerned. His advisory committee has not been particularly helpful. It recommended that the government continue to finance research. It said that, since the disparity in depletion allowance alone might be enough to prevent the development of an oil-shale industry, the latter is entitled to an early ruling on equal depletion privileges. It added that technological improvement is the surest way to shale development.

Beyond that, the committee members rode off rapidly in several directions. They included Dr. Joseph L. Fisher, director of Resources for the Future, as chairman; Galbraith, Childs, Benjamin V. Cohen, a former aide to FDR, H. Byron Mock, a former official of the Bureau of Land Management, now a Salt Lake City attorney; and finally, Milo Perkins, Tucson investment counselor and former federal official.

Childs, Mock and Perkins generally favored more private intervention than the other three. All members filed separate views, of which Galbraith's were the most trenchantly pro-public. Cohen joined him, and Fisher generally concurred. This report, however, still left Udall with the buck in his hands. He told a press conference, in effect, that since there is no immediate national need for shale oil, there is plenty of time to work out a permanent solution. That in turn brought cries of rage from those who demand action now.

But Udall also seemed in the posture of a football lineman who has intercepted a pass by accident, and looks wildly about for someone fleeter than himself to receive a lateral. He said that the problem is far too big to be entrusted solely to any one cabinet officer, and suggested the possibility of a permanent high-level commission.

One thing is certain—that buck is not going to land on the desk of Lyndon Baines Johnson, unless Congress takes some action that will force the President to reveal his hand. Another thing that seems certain is that even Udall's predicted decade may not see this vexed question finally resolved to everyone's satisfaction.

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Algeria: Zigzag Path to Socialism

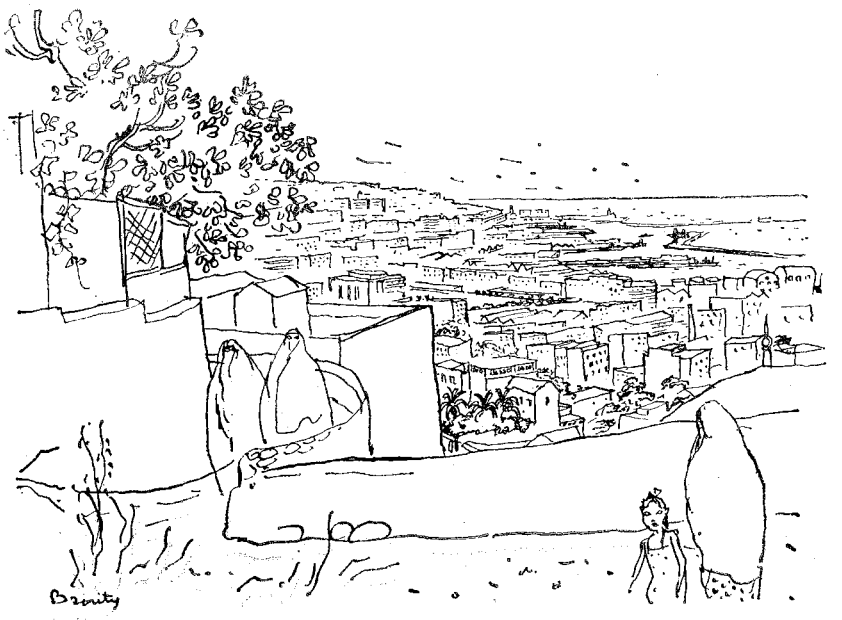
Schofield Coryell

Algiers

The devastating earthquake that recently hit the eastern region of Algeria, destroying the town of M'Sila and depriving thousands of shelter in a period of unusual cold and driving rains, adds tragically to the hardships of this emerging nation as it doggedly strives to build its "Algerian Socialist" society on the ruins of the colonial disorder.

The striking thing about Algeria —and a thing that somewhat confuses the expression, "Algerian Socialism"—is the often disconcerting juxtaposition of the old and the new, of ultramodern ideas and the antiquated customs of the recent and faraway past. For Algeria—or at least the dominant trend of the present regime, supported by the weight of public opinion—is deadly serious about creating a society whose producers will own the economy and where those who build the mansions will live in them. But the legacy of the old society, feudal and colonial, is painfully evident on every hand: in the veiled women; in the prevalence of superstition and illiteracy, especially in the countryside; in the scarcity of skilled workmen and technicians indispensable for an independent and industrialized economy.

"Algerian Socialism," then, is actually a handy description of the complex reality of a country in bewilderingly rapid transition from the past to the future, a country determined to skip over the forms and dogma of modern capitalism. The slogans of socialism — proclaimed from the roof tops by the leaders of the regime and defined in hundreds of ways on thousands of streaming banners and colorful posters — are not exactly empty words in Algeria. After all, the biggest owners of the principal source of wealth—the land itself—were the colonialists, and they have been expropriated completely. The Conference of Farm Workers, held in Algiers at the end of December, focused on the basic facts underlying life in Algeria today: The bulk of the best land, more than 7 million acres, has been converted into collective farms, and is being managed by elected workers' councils. This system works well and the harvests of the past two years have been excellent, despite the innumerable problems created by the abrupt departure of European technicians, mechanics, bookkeepers, all types of skilled workers and experienced supervisory personnel.



L'illustration

But this agrarian socialism is not the whole picture. The bulk of existing industry is still privately owned. The Socialist sector is constantly expanding, but as of now no more than 15 per cent of the factories, stores and mines have come under public control. The oil properties in the Sahara, foreign owned, are not due to be nationalized in the immediate future, barring unexpected political development. Thus capitalism and socialism exist side by side, and will continue to do so for some time, though the basic movement to the Left is clear.

The Conference of Farm Workers—which considered issues of farm production and organization in great detail—was conducted in an atmosphere of free and lively discussion. The weaknesses and mistakes of the authorities were not spared, and the local FLN (National Liberation Front) leaders were boldly put through the wringer of criticism. The final resolutions and recommendations were particularly pointed. For example, the presidents of the workers' councils were taken to task for their often undemocratic methods of administering a fundamentally democratic system. The technicians and educated personnel—engineers, doctors, skilled specialists of all kinds—were called upon to go into the countryside where their services are urgently needed. The authorities were reminded of the outstanding role of the peasantry in the Nationalist revolution, and urged to bring schools and teachers, literacy and culture as well as science and vocational knowledge, to the long-suffering peasant producers.

In a pungent statement to the conference, published in all the Algiers newspapers, Hocine Zaouane, a youthful member of the political bureau's orientation committee, made the very significant point that, even under socialism, the workers, in and through their unions, will have to wage a constant, peaceful struggle to adapt and humanize the decisions of the workers' state, thus preventing the nonproducers, the state officials from managing the economy without thought for the immediate and long-range interests of the real producers.

The recent wave of strikes throws light on the mixed character of Algeria today and the ambiguous role of the unions in the new situation. Three strikes took place simultaneously last month: one by the

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badly exploited, overworked and underpaid employees of the privately owned public baths; one by the dockers; and one by workers erecting a gigantic hotel for visitors to the coming Afro-Asiatic conference and to all the Third World conferences of the future.

The strike of the bathhouse employees had the open sympathy of the government and the pro-government press; the dockers, whose strike was directed partly against the shipping companies and partly against the state, somewhat embarrassed the regime, and the FLN organ, *Alger Republicain*, criticized the resort to strike action; the third strike—that of the building workers—was hardly mentioned in the newspapers. In all cases, partially satisfactory compromise settlements were arrived at after heated discussion, but the strikes called attention to the contradictory character of "Algerian socialism" and to the unresolved problems of a transitional period that will undoubtedly last for quite a few years.

Celebration of the traditional Moslem holidays and fast days also invariably emphasizes the contradictions in this constantly changing revolutionary society. The regime went out of its way this year to endorse the religious holiday of Ramadan, and encouraged the people to observe the Moslem injunction of fasting each day, for a month, between sunup and sundown. This position harmonized with a conviction, strongly felt in a sizable section of the common people, especially the peasants, that the old religious usages must be maintained. Rumors circulated in the villages that the earthquakes and the unusually bad weather of recent weeks were Allah's punishment of those who flouted the ancestral customs.

According to all reports, Ramadan was almost universally observed in the countryside, but in the cities the intellectual youth were acidly critical of the regime's emphasis on anachronistic customs, which the students and many political-minded workers consider incompatible with the spirit of socialism and the requirements of modern economic life. On the other hand, some youths tried to reconcile the newly espoused socialism with the demands of religion. One of them put it to me this way: "The Ramadan is a truly socialistic custom: it makes the rich man understand what it is like to be hungry and thus puts the rich and poor on an equal footing." It can be roughly estimated that in Algiers about a third of the people devoutly observed the fast, about a third pretended to observe it, and about a third openly ignored it.

The Ramadan was accompanied and further complicated by a swift rise in prices: Since people eat more than usual, from the hunger induced by the all-day fast, the shopkeepers took advantage of the situation to hike their prices. I overheard a good many people bitterly complaining that the government—since it was putting so much emphasis on the Ramadan—should at least clamp down on the profiteers.

But amidst all these contradictions and uncertainties, the country is steering a zigzag course to a society where social justice and a measure of equality will eventually reign. A young Algerian educator in charge of a special school where former shoeshine boys and street urchins are being educated expressed his faith to me in these terms: "We know it will take many years before the average Algerians taste the material fruits of their hard-won victory. But we are realistic enough not to expect miracles. Now we know at least that the government is on our side, and that it acts for us and not for a handful of parasites."

Workers point with pride to the undeniable achievements of the regime: the establishment of law and order in a country where violence and disruption once held sway; the smooth functioning of transportation and other public services in the hands of the workers' councils; the destruction of the slums created by colonialism. The regime is also showing genuine enthusiasm for spreading education to the previously illiterate population in an effort to undo the results of French rule, which confined educational opportunity to the European minority. For the first time in Algeria's history, nearly all the children of school-going age are now in school.

The critical problems, still unsolved after a little more than two years of freedom, are getting serious attention from the national and municipal authorities. The mass departure of European doctors after independence has created a poignant gap, but the regime is drawing up plans to build new hospitals and train Algerian doctors; it hopes to have one doctor for every 2,000 citizens within ten years. To cope in part with the unemployment problem and prepare the technicians and organizers of the future, the regime has established a system of volunteer work camps. Villages destroyed during the war are rebuilt, and dams are constructed, by enthusiastic young men who work for their meals and live under tents while obtaining the rudiments of general and vocational education.

Another problem still far from settled is that of distributing, equitably and efficiently, the thousands of apartments and buildings left vacant by the departing French. There has been far too much confusion and favoritism in the allocation of these premises, but now the municipal authorities are making a serious effort to get the situation under control. Recently, the government issued a decree fixing rents in the state-owned apartments—those formerly the property of French people—at no more than 10 per cent of the tenant's income, and called upon the resident tenants to start paying their rent, which many had not been doing. So far, the response has been encouraging—the post offices are full of workers dutifully lining up to discharge their civic obligations.

Another evidence of popular support for the regime and its objectives is the response to the national campaign to restore the forests of the country in order to improve the soil and prevent widespread erosion. Last November, thousands of young workers, peasants and intellectuals planted a million trees in a reforestation mobilization.

The present phase of constant experimentation will undoubtedly continue in Algeria for a long time to come. While it lasts, it will disconcert and confuse the best-intentioned observer, to say nothing of the Algerians themselves. For example, last year several of the ministries were regrouped into a smaller number of larger entities: "Centralization for efficiency!" was the slogan. One year later, the existing ministries were broken up and divided into more specialized ones: "Decentralization for efficiency!"

Few voices are ever raised in Algeria against the one-party system. It is generally felt that the vast and

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infinitely complicated task of overcoming the legacy of colonialism and developing a backward country makes multiparty democracy in the European style a costly and unnecessary luxury. But a one-party system does not imply in Algeria an absence of discussion and of vigorous political give and take.

The armed opposition to the Ben Bella regime is almost over; in effect, it collapsed with the capture of Ait Ahmed in October and has since degenerated into mere banditry. The real struggle today is within the government and party themselves, where various cliques and pressure groups are vying for control and influence. There are the "Islamists," the "Marxists," the "Communists," the "Trotskyists." But underlying all these differences is the fundamental conflict between those who really *want* socialism—a way of life based on social justice and the ownership of the means of production by the working people—and those who merely pay it lip service, while doing everything in their power to hamper the concrete application of Socialist methods and techniques. For these latter, independence has meant no more than a chance to take over for themselves the powerful and lucrative posts left vacant by the French. The fight between the "opportunists" and the genuine "militants" rages continually inside every government administration and within the FLN itself. President Ben Bella is entirely on the side of the militants, but a sizable proportion of the bureaucrats belong to the opportunists.

Algeria, the first country of Africa to win independence through armed revolution and to choose a Socialist pattern of construction, has become a center of Afro-Asian ferment. Illustrious heads of state, as well as artists and dance teams from the Communist bloc and from the emerging nations, come here in a steady stream to pay their respects to the new Algeria. The second Afro-Asiatic conference is scheduled to take place here in June, and the World Youth Festival in August. Here, too, all the liberation movements of Africa have their offices; from here they map their strategy and spread their propaganda.

Algeria's double orientation toward the Left and toward the nonaligned nations, including those of the Arab world, does not deprive this country of a staunch national individualism. It is the others that are wooing Algeria, not Algeria that is wooing them. The Soviet Union's considerable economic aid to Algerian industry does not make Algeria a "tool of Soviet diplomacy." Nor does it prevent Algeria from continuing to get economic help from France (which, unfortunately, has just reduced its annual aid by a third) and a substantial amount of surplus food from America.

In their attitude toward the outside world, the majority of Algerians are singularly free of xenophobia and of the racism from which they themselves suffered so much at the hands of the colonialists. Toward the French, there is no generalized animosity, and all nationalities are welcome here, though some are more welcome than others. Algeria has much to learn from the world in the way of industrial technique and applied science; but this tough, cocky nation has much to teach in the sphere of human relations and moral values.

TV PROGRAMING

The Fight for Prime Time . . . . . Howard Junker

The iceberg is mostly underwater, and the machinations of network programing are not easily observed. But you can wonder if the networks don't have too much control over the programs they schedule. Ninety per cent of the 104 programs in the 6-11 P.M. slots are produced or licensed by one of the networks. Is that too much?

On March 5, the FCC reported on a proposal which would force the networks to accept half their choice-time, non-news programing from the advertising agencies. The implementation of such a proposal could cause a revolution. Then again, the wasteland might survive unchanged.

Basically, the FCC is concerned with "the inability of independent entrepreneurs to compete in the so-called network program market except upon terms dictated by the network managers." The networks themselves do not produce many of the shows that fill their regular schedules: A.B.C. and N.B.C. do four, C.B.S. does seven. But in the present setup the producer with an idea first sells the network, then the sponsor is found. Presumably, producers could sell more, diverse kinds of shows if they had more potential customers.

In the old, sometimes called golden, days of television, the situation was similar to what the FCC seems to desire now: the agencies did own and create most of network programing. So much was this so that Commissioner Minow feared excessive "advertiser influence" and encouraged the trend toward network control. Product-proliferation and rising program costs also had much to do with the shift from advertiser to network control.

Network people, who claim to lose $141 million in program development each year, feel few sponsors could afford the risks involved. A half-hour pilot may cost $80,000-$125,000, an hour pilot could run $175,000-$300,000. And a week's prime-time production now costs in excess of $9 million.

The network sources polled by *Broadcasting* were "unanimous in condemning the FCC staff plan not only as unjustified, unwise, and unfair, but also as probably unworkable and certainly chaotic." Some network executives feared they would have to go to black (go off the air) whenever the agencies didn't supply enough product. Could the agencies hope to attain network quality in programing? Wouldn't the agencies have to enter the "brokerage" business to scatter minutes among various accounts?

Despite the hysteria, complica-

Howard Junker is a documentary film maker who frequently contributes to film magazines.

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tions in the entertainment portion of programing would probably not be fatal. What has been done before could be done again. At worst, the agencies would simply buy shows from the same producers who now supply the networks.

But the FCC proposal would shatter the canons of network programing if, as under consideration, public-affairs documentary programs were included in the fifty-fifty deal. Nobody, not even the FCC, has any doubts about what network policy is and always will be with regard to the independently produced documentary. C.B.S. and N.B.C. do not take this kind of show from the outside. At the former weak sister, A.B.C., the freeze-out is slightly less absolute. ("We're the open door," says A.B.C.-TV News vice president Jesse Zousmer. "We say, in effect, that we use only what's done by our staff, but we are receptive to outside suggestions. When anybody has an idea, they're sure A.B.C. will want it.")

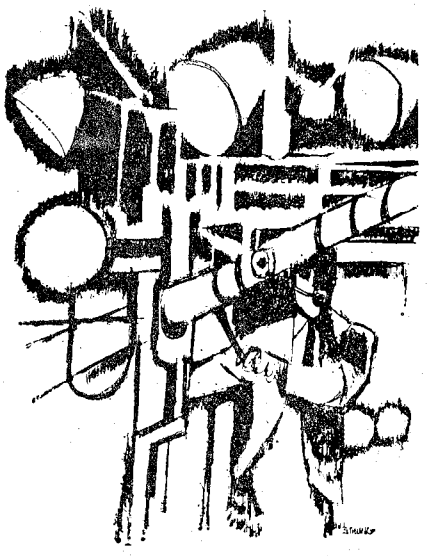
While network monopoly of hard news coverage is universally assumed and never challenged, there is currently supposed to be a gray area toward the cultural-historical human-interest end of the public-affairs spectrum where independents could contribute. Pressed to name independents who have had non-entertainment programs on network air, executives are inclined to stutter.

"We may seem selfish as hell," explains one network apologist, "but our motives are good." They are also complex. Explanations ignore or quickly transcend basic economics: it's cheaper to do our own work; we need to keep our large, expensive news organizations busy; why should we let someone else do sponsored shows; we want the money to stay inside. No one says these things, but does anything more need to be said?

You can speculate on the degree to which networks achieve status on the basis of their news and public-affairs presentations. You can imagine how, with live TV dead, the networks are understandably eager to keep public-affairs programs for themselves. But according to network people, the main reason that independents do not place informational shows with the networks, as they do place entertainment programs, is a matter of professional pride. Interpretative programs belong to the network staff, they say, just as editorial columns belong to the staff of a newspaper. Of all the responsibilities that networks bear to the public, affirms one news-and-public-affairs man, the journalistic responsibility is the highest. We must stand behind our factual statements. And the only way to insure accuracy and balance is close supervision of our staff. If we went to the outside on issue-oriented programs, warns one executive, we could never be sure that a program on Medicare, say, was not tailored to fit the AMA.

John Daly represents the hard-core, never-let-'em-in school of network thought. In the days when A.B.C. was spending as much for a year's worth of news and public-affairs production as it did last year on convention-election coverage, Daly resigned as vice president of A.B.C.-News over the issue of scheduling a documentary produced on the outside. Daly still feels that interpretation and analysis should be performed only by the networks. In his view, it is the network's job to inform and to add dimension to the news. And the competent, professional journalist does not parcel out his work among outside entrepreneurs. Moreover, the entrepreneur simply is not competent to deal with breaking issues. He does not live with the news day by day. He does not have the benefits of the highly skilled network staff. Further, warns Daly, the entrepreneur is frequently interested only in making exciting pictures that will sell.

At most, Daly would allow the outside producer to contribute film essays. A film on the Mississippi, for example, if it dealt with pollution as an economic and political issue, would be assigned to the news department. A film on the Mississippi of Mark Twain might be handled outside. Programs on the fringe—beyond the pale of current events—might enter the network through the Programing Department.



But Programing is equally vigilant in guarding its prerogatives. Programing, states one vice president, is "saddled with the entertainment responsibility for the network . . . and as you know, the network makes money on entertainment, which, in turn, supports the news operation." Enough said—television, a national advertising medium, cannot afford too much non-entertainment time.

One possibility for the independent interested in films-of-fact for television is to be hired to work on a specific show. In which case, the credits read: filmed, edited and produced under the supervision and control of X.B.C. News. No film maker of sufficient reputation to be invited in enjoys being second-guessed at each step by the network. In one independent's view, such an assignment is like writing for *Time:* your work is molded until the stamp of your own personality disappears.

At times, outside film makers working at the networks can be the cause of real headaches. In one instance, film makers working under contract refused to allow network emasculation of a film they had made. The film was never shown and the film makers were blacklisted at the network.

While other producers are discouraged by network attitudes, David L. Wolper is indignant. Wolper's first film, *The Race for Space* (1959), was flatly rejected by the three networks, so Wolper worked out his own network, airing the show, city by city, in each major market. Wolper has had other films sold to sponsors but denied time by the networks. Last year, with an almost unimpeachable product, *The Making of the President—1960,* Wolper still could not break through to C.B.S. or N.B.C. A.B.C. took the show, which won four Emmies and was named show of the year. (N.B.C. once took *D-Day* from Wolper; he still can't explain why.)

The Wolper organization is huge;

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it is now a part of Metromedia, of which Wolper is a vice president. Wolper owns the Paramount News Company. He has six one-hour specials on A.B.C. this year and is preparing eight feature films for United Artists. He is working on two live TV series. In association with the editors of *Time-Life*, he is preparing a new edition of *The March of Time* for television. (It will be a major breakthrough if this weekly "news" show is accepted by a network.) With *American Heritage*, Wolper is working out six hour-long historical specials.

Wolper hopes that tie-ins with *Time-Life* and *American Heritage*, "organizations of the highest reputation," "strong people," will help his cause, will help disallow any network claim that his work is not up to network standards of accuracy. What he does not publicize is the conviction that his new affiliates are big enough to make their weight felt among network executives.

Wolper feels that part of the trouble with network documentary stems from its control by a New York in-group. Says Wolper of the network documentarians: "They eat in the same restaurants, ride the same trains, think the same thoughts. If they let in outsiders, they might let in some fresh ideas."

Only Bob Drew has broken through to network air with programs dealing with current events. (Drew's *Yanki, No!* precipitated Daly's resignation.) To understand how Drew succeeded, one must understand the special quality of his product. Once a *Life* editor, originally backed by Time, Inc., Drew wanted to use film as a means of photo-journalism. His model for the film maker was Cartier-Bresson armed with a Leica: invisible, in the right place at the right time, sensitive enough to let the story tell itself. With Ricky Leacock, Al Maysles and others, Drew worked out a revolutionary way of actuality filming. Dubbed *cinéma-vérité* by the wildly appreciative French critics, the new way appeared as the most important idea in documentary film since John Grierson, the gruff Scot, decided thirty-five years ago that film makers working for public agencies and business should use film to express social concern.

Basically, instead of directing or staging action to resemble reality, the *cinéma-vérité* film maker follows a story in real life without interfering at all. The story unfolds, unaltered by the camera's presence. To this end, Drew's teams, made up of cameraman and soundman only, use hand-held equipment and no lights. And they promise to make no demands on their subjects.

Drew achieved great rapport with President Kennedy. Beginning with a film that followed Kennedy through the New Hampshire primary campaign, Drew then made a film about the early days of the administration, and also a film which watched the showdown over the integration of the University of Alabama. *Crisis: Behind a Presidential Commitment* was a great coup. Film makers were with the President, the Attorney General, Mr. Katzenbach and Governor Wallace as they implemented their decisions. This was journalism that did without press handouts, that got behind doors ordinarily closed to network newsmen. *Primary* played local stations, the other two films were shown on A.B.C. (Although C.B.S. has used two Drew "entertainment" films—about a race-car driver, 1961, and the Girl Scouts, 1962—the bulk of his early work did not appear on television until last fall, and then on WOR-TV.)

Last year, A.B.C. contracted with Drew for six one-hour specials. So far only *Letters from Vietnam* has been shown. This film, about a young helicopter pilot, marks the furthest extension to date of synchronized sound shooting under combat conditions. While *Letters* does give "background to the news" and hence does invade the sacrosanct domain of the News Department, Drew's other films are quite innocent. They deal with a Peace Corps worker (*Mission to Malaya* will be shown April 10), a boxer, a race-car driver and a pianist. One show will be a multi-subject hour. But because A.B.C. has not found sponsors for the inventory of Drew films it already has, and for other reasons, Drew's contract has not been renewed.

It's too early to tell whether the breakdown in this relationship will affect the possibilities of other independents. But consider what has happened to the film makers who broke with Drew to set up on their own. Al Maysles left in 1961 to work with his brother, David. They scored quickly with a film on Joseph E. Levine. *Showman*, however, remains a *succès d'estime*, shown only at festivals, because Levine would not sign a release for theatrical exhibition and no one would buy it for television. The Maysles have since done shooting on commercial assignments for various clients, plus camera work for Jean-Luc Godard's section of a four-part feature. Last year they sold a timely film on the Beatles' stateside tour, an "entertainment," to C.B.S. for a quarter million. At the moment the Maysles brothers say they are interested only in making *cinéma-vérité* features for theatrical release—which, in any case, is their only available outlet.

Aside from a film on the quintuplets sponsored by *The Saturday Evening Post* and shown on local stations, Rickey Leacock and D. A. Pennebaker, who left Drew two years ago, have had to subsist on TV commercials and assignments for foreign television. They recently did a film on the right-wing Republicans, which National Education Television bought for $2,500. This was like working for charity. (N.E.T., which has ninety stations, buys few films from the outside.)

Leacock points out that the foreign market can be equally unrewarding. Because the networks are willing to dump their documentaries abroad, the B.B.C., for example, pays only about $4,000 for a half-hour documentary. In Canada the price is about double, but still much, much less than cost.

"Theoretically," Leacock concludes, "it should be possible to join a network to make documentaries. But it shouldn't be necessary. And I don't want to."

There's a danger the FCC will concede documentary as an exclusive to the networks and choose to fight at the line of least resistance, entertainment programing. TV entertainment is probably incorrigible. At least the FCC fifty-fifty gimmick reeks of wishful thinking. Even if the agencies regained control, the same people, for the same reasons, would be involved.

But if the FCC so desired, it could force the networks to open up to a whole new world of producers—the independent documentary makers. Nobody can be sure they deserve the chance or that they could do the job. But what's to lose? The network freeze-out has not advanced the art. Network documentary is a wasteland in its own right.

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The Goat's Minions

THE ORGY. By Muriel Rukeyser. Coward-McCann. 213 pp. $4.50.

Denis Johnston

Puck Fair is an annual event of some antiquity, enlivening three August days in a small, dirty town called Killorglin which is situated not far from the coast of western Kerry. It is principally a cattle mart and a hiring fair, where agricultural laborers and domestic help can be signed up for the coming year, but it is distinguished from other Irish country gatherings by being the occasion for a convention of Tinkers, and by certain pagan overtones concerning a goat.

This sinister animal, crowned as King Puck, is selected from among the finest Billys on the Magillicuddy Reeks, and it presides over the festivities, spanceled for the duration on a small caged platform up a pole. The presence of the Tinkers and the goat adds a touch of color and rascality to what otherwise would be just another rustic jamboree, orgiastic only to the extent of the usual drunkenness and unobtrusive fornication that is a feature of most cattle fairs.

The Tinkers, with their colored carts and caravans, their scrawny horses and donkeys, and their swarms of ragged, uninhibited children, are not gypsies, in spite of some resemblances, but are strictly a domestic product—nomadic in their habits, but Irish to the core, practicing an ostensible trade in the mending and making of pots and pans, and grazing their livestock upon the "long acre"—that is to say on the margins of the public roads. On the whole they are a savage-looking, handsome crew, with a curious shortage of surnames that may be attributed to their unconventional family relationships. They have been investigated by a series of Fraserites and folklorists but, although described many times, they have never been convincingly explained, even by Synge.

The goat's fanciful accouterments consist of ribbons and bells. Its royal title and its exalted but uncomfortable position are vividly described in Miss Rukeyser's book, which also reports the presence of a lesser-known Queen—a role played by a child of about 10 who, needless to say, does not have to occupy a similar perch, but takes part in the processions and parades that only come to an end when Killorglin is exhausted.

The whole affair smacks so much of pre-Christian (and consequently, improper) ideas that it is probably just as well that Miss Rukeyser is a poet and not a psychologist. Nor is it surprising that the police and the clergy have been trying for years to suppress these goings-on—the former on account of violence and late hours, the latter because of secular misdemeanors that usually occur. But, to date, the strength of tradition has prevailed even against a national government, and it is even less likely to be banned now that it has been noticed by the tourist trade.

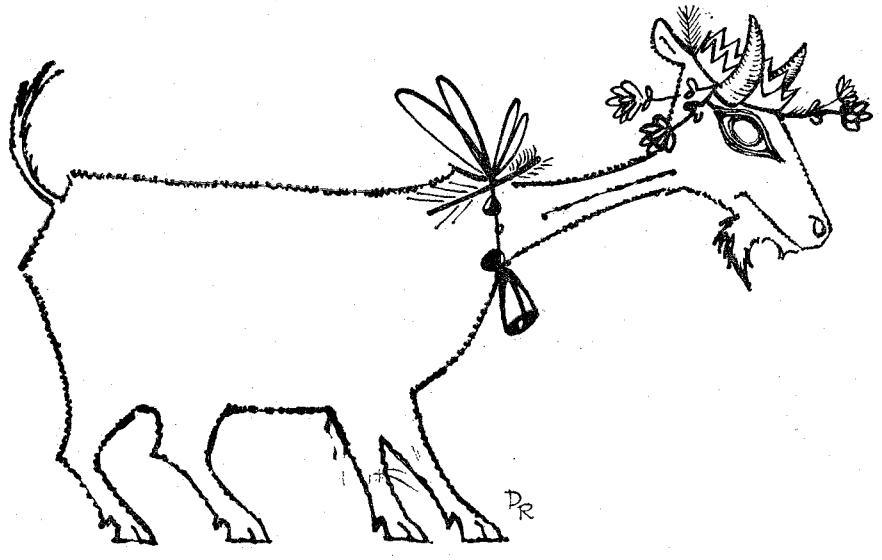
In a brief preface Miss Rukeyser's very knowledgeable book is stated to be a free fantasy on the event. The goat, the fair and the orgy are real. Nevertheless there is so much dropping of actual names throughout her account that it is difficult to avoid regarding it as autobiographical. The begetter of her visit to Ireland is Paul Rotha, an authority on documentary films and a well-known figure in the world of respectable cinematology. There are also references to John Huston, the director, to Colonel Uniacke who gives cocktail parties in his home on Valentia Island, to Jonty (not Jaunty) Hanaghan, a controversial psychoanalyst, to Patrick Kirwan, the author of that amusing book, *The Life and Death of St. Herbault*, and to the late Art O'Murnaghan, who may or may not have been recognized as a greatly loved Dublin actor and a devotee of Celtic illumination. The only fantasy in mentioning such recognizable names lies in describing the son of Maud Gonne, one-time Minister for External Affairs, as Stephen MacBride. His name—Sean—was for a time on everybody's passport.

The book itself is both exciting and intriguing. It is written in an unusual style that might, perhaps, be described as verse, under the disguise of free prose, rather than the more usual prose in the form of free verse. This method has many of the allusive qualities of poetry, together with its concomitant disregard for continuity, and some occasional doubts as to who or what the writer is referring to.

> *A cry from Paxos, I think, that the sailors heard, calling "Great Pan is dead!" Cry I have always known, looking into the dead eyes of the living, of the death-drawn I have loved, that cry heard and never till now asked Who cried out? Whose voice was it, crying news?*

Or:

> *The tension between the aloneness and the giant press of the crowd. Isolation, orgy, and the single creature held in a square, a diagram of the world. In the texture of*



Denis Johnston is an Irish playwright, biographer and war correspondent, whose collected plays (Little, Brown) include The Old Lady Says "No!" *and* The Moon in the Yellow River.

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reality. Until it is reconciled and made relation, made marriage. Until I know the opposite and the other side of the moment, what we are kept in ignorance of. What I keep myself in ignorance of.

Miss Rukeyser's technique also has a strong resemblance to that of the documentary cinema—a montage in which the writer piles up a catalogue of visual images, untrammeled on the whole by verbs, in the course of which, like the camera, she is able to focus the attention not on the scene as a whole but on some special element that impresses her. An example is her description of the hoisting of King Puck to his upper level. This is done by some sort of elevator, the precise operation of which would be of interest to the mechanically minded. Here, however, we are given comparatively little of the surrounding scene—the mass of faces upturned toward the Kerry clouds, the waiting bandsmen, the pushing and the shoving, the smell of cow dung, the chattering children and the dogs disappointed of their bite. What we do see in close-up are the goat's great white testicles—a significant image of one aspect of the fair, but hardly a picture of what it looks like as a whole. Indeed, one may perhaps wonder whether so subjective a method is suited to so extrovert an occasion—assuming, of course, that Puck Fair is the actual point of the book.

There are, on the other hand, passages of great verbal beauty, such as a picture of the midday scene on the road to Glenbeigh:

The noon was heaped with lovely gusts: a breeze ran over the little vivid stream we crossed, and these yellow flowers everywhere, and the hay stacked there waiting to be saved as we speeded past the empty road toward Carrantuohill, to the cloud streaming and perfumed over his dark head.

In the first two sections of her book—"Gathering Day" and "The Day of the Fair"—Miss Rukeyser is fortunate in her directives and in her traveling companions. In the third part, however—"Scattering Day"—she begins to lean somewhat heavily on Hanaghan, the psychoanalyst already mentioned, whose lucubrations on the subject of psychoanalysis and the problems of the world at large are not so exciting as the concluding ritual of Puck Fair. Jonty Hanaghan in his heyday was a well-known character around Dublin, to which place he came from some earlier activities near Londonderry. Whether or not he was or is a good psychoanalyst is outside any present discussion, but as secretary of a Studio Club of Arts, Sciences and Crafts, and as a producer of plays at the Peacock Theatre, he had a turbulent time, no doubt undeserved. At any rate, as a bringer of religion into Freud he was not highly regarded by all, and his several incursions into the concluding sections of Miss Rukeyser's book are not the most impressive part of her account of the third day.

Let us leave for a while the Create.
Let us abide in the Uncreate.

The section is concluded by a ballad from the author herself, entitled *The Balls of the Goat.*

Finally, a welcome reprint of Margaret Murray's essay "The Horned Goat" is included, as well as J. M. Synge's account of the Fair from *In West Kerry* which includes an amusing ballad on the same subject by John Purcell. It is perhaps fair to say that one gets from this lively, and in many ways delightful, book a more vivid picture of the writer than of Puck Fair. And, apart from late hours, much motoring and many illuminating conversations, there is little impression of much in the nature of an orgy. This is probably a good thing, and is almost as great a service to Kerry as was Miss Rukeyser's decision not to summon Paul Rotha to Killorglin with his camera crew.

The Irish Republic already has a so-called tax-free airport, a Yeats Summer School at Sligo, Joyce's Tower with a *Ulysses* circuit, *Man of Aran* and the "Irish Freedom Radio broadcasting from occupied Ireland." Surely this is enough suspicion to cast on what was once a lovely and unstudied countryside. One shudders to think what will be the end of Munster if ever it adds an orgy to its Medieval Banquet at Bunratty Castle. Should the camera crews ever come to Tir na n'Og in order to film Miss Rukeyser's own book, it is to be hoped that they will concentrate upon the romantic and personal side of her story—the part that is only hinted at in the present text—rather than upon the person of King Puck.

Last Playboy of the Western World

Kevin Sullivan

Brendan Behan in his last appearance at Glasnevin Cemetery—that was in March, 1964—drew bigger crowds than he had ever drawn in London, Paris, Toronto or New York. "One of the largest crowds," the press reported, "seen in Dublin for many years." The report was heartening, for Dublin has not always treated its writers, alive or dead, with much regard—much less with affection. There are, however, encouraging signs that Irish attitudes are changing: the Martello Tower is now a Joyce Museum, the Irish Tourist Board is tidying up the ruins of Thor Ballylee for a Yeats Memorial, and there has even been talk of a plaque for George Moore's old home in Ely Place. If the change holds, one may yet see a public house along the quays or a suite of cells in Mountjoy Prison dedicated to the boisterous talents of Brendan Behan.

More than likely the change will hold, for the Irish, now that prosperity has raised up among them a calculable middle class, at last seem to have realized—the ad man is ubiquitous—that their writers are as valuable an export as were, once upon a time, their cattle or their clergymen.

This is not to say that the Dubliners who followed Behan to Glasnevin that late March morning were in this or many other ways deceived about the man they were burying. He was a loved character who had been as familiar to them as the O'Connell Bridge or Guinness' brewery. For years he had been there among them like a one-man slum, ramshackle and a bit rambunctious, large of heart and loose of tongue, as direct as a fist in the face, gentle as a decent word, without inhibitions or pretense or perversity (barring the drink), and behind the casual no-account obscenities of North Dublin there glowed, as Frank O'Connor saw, the innocence of an acolyte. This was the man Dublin mourned for.

Of course there was the legend or myth or image or whatever the word is now in middle-brow jargon for the factitious persona of celebrities. That was inevitable. Behan, like Dylan Thomas, had all the trappings that go into the making of a "picturesque literary figure"—a phrase that would have curdled the malt in Behan's bowels. (I was present once when,

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more in sorrow than in anguish, he took the skin off the wife of a famous American writer who, with no awareness at all that she was being patronizing and silly, kept insisting that he was the "the quaintest little Irishman" she had ever met.) Soon after his first success—*The Quare Fellow* in 1956—he was taken up by the columnists and thoroughly lionized: here was an authentic Irish rebel ("the brave brainless boys of the I.R.A.," Sean O'Faolain called them) who had done time in English and Irish jails for his perverse belief in the efficacy of political violence, who was a great drinker and a great talker (more monologuist than raconteur), and who was in addition the most gifted, certainly one of the most popular, playwrights to come out of Ireland since O'Casey had given the back of his hand to the Abbey Theatre. This kind of thing made good copy, and Behan the journeyman journalist knew it. But more about that in a moment.

Unlike Dylan Thomas, whose public career was as brief and flamboyant as his own, Behan was until well on in life intransigently political. "Opinions," Thomas once remarked, "are bloody awful," echoing in this Yeats's grim belief that "opinions are accursed"—a sentiment surely congenial to the temperament of a poet. But Behan, though as a young man he had written a few poems in Irish —*Buíchas do James Joyce* got talked about in Dublin—was, like O'Casey, never more than poet *manqué*. He grew up on opinions, the tough political opinions of the ferociously Republican family into which he was born on February 9, 1923, at a time when his countrymen, having got rid of the English at last, were celebrating their new freedom by conscientiously murdering one another. This insanity—a civil war delicately referred to by the Irish themselves as "The Troubles" and by Joyce the punster as "Devil's Era"—saw the Behans resolutely on the side of De Valera's die-hards who repudiated the treaty which made Ireland a Free State because, included in that treaty, was an oath of allegiance to the British crown. The political prejudices of Brendan Behan came into the man with his mother's milk.

He was educated, so to speak, by the Irish Christian Brothers, a body of men more renowned for their discipline than their erudition, which would anyhow have been a commodity not in great demand in the streets of North Dublin. As a young one, Brendan and his chums (they would have been Sean O'Casey's "chiselers" forty years earlier) would hang about after school on the corner of Great Denmark and North Great George's Street to taunt the toffs from Joyce's old school, Belvedere College, across the way. There was nothing narrowly national about the boy's prejudices or the man's politics; his class consciousness crossed territorial boundaries, and the bricks he tossed at the tidy Belvedereans trooping out of their Jesuit School became, in the days of his literacy, brickbats tossed with cuter aim at his bourgeois audiences thirty years later. For throughout his life Behan actually believed in the bourgeoisie as bogy man (his brother, Brian, joined the Communist Party—after, of course, emigrating to England—and later, when the name was famous, serialized his recantation in *The Irish Press*), but this was like O'Casey's belief to the end of *his* life in what he thought was communism. The Irish have produced great saints and impressive sinners, but as ideologues they are, thank God, ludicrous.

Certainly there was something ludicrous about the 16-year-old boy who in the autumn of 1939 arrived in Liverpool with a Sinn Fein conjuror's kit "containing Pot Chlor, Sulph Ac, gelignite, detonators, electrical and ignition" to bring an Irish war to England's doorstep. The British, who at the time had another kind of war to face—not at all funny—picked the lad up in a day or two and, after an awkward interval of knocking him about among more hardened criminals, packed him off to a Borstal, a correctional institution for the young, and as yet unpracticed, criminal. Thus began Brendan Behan's higher education. He was to make the most of it, as his work later showed, and in this he had the help of his fellow countrymen, for no sooner had the English deported him in 1942 than the Irish slapped him back into a jail of their own until the general political amnesty of 1946. He varied and rounded out his education during the late 1940s in Paris (study abroad appealed to him) where he acquired considerable fluency in French and began contributing articles ("pieces of pornography," he later called them) to the Left Bank reviews, *Points* and *Merlin*, and more chastely to an Irish daily back home.

The writer in Behan was continually in danger of being shouted down by the talker, the playwright upstaged by the vaudevillian, the artist elbowed aside by the anecdotist. But at his best—in *Borstal Boy*, *The Quare Fellow* and *The Hostage*—he had his clowns and leprechauns, imps and improvisations, so under control that when they did appear, as they constantly threatened to do, it was at a writer's command. The trick, as Behan said, was that of the music hall where, if things got dull, you livened them up with a song and a dance "and while the audience were laughing their heads off you could be up to any bloody thing behind their backs." It was, he said, what you were up to then that made your stuff great. Behan was up to a number of things.

Not surprisingly, the best things he did are all three concerned in one way or another with men in prison. Or, put more portentously, man the criminal. *The Quare Fellow* is a savagely hilarious commentary on the idiocy, the moral hypocrisy of capital punishment in a society which prides itself, as in Ireland and elsewhere, on its moral refinement. But the tone of this commentary never betrays the underlying seriousness. This is about as close as it comes to the explicit:

> Healey: *Well we have one consolation, Regan, the condemned man gets the priest and the sacraments, more than his victim got maybe. I venture to suggest that some of them die holier deaths than if they had finished their natural span.*
>
> Warder Regan: *We can't advertize "Commit murder and die a happy death," sir. We'd have them all at it. They take religion very seriously in this country.*
>
> Healey: *Quite, quite so!*

So the talk runs throughout a play which, though it has no discernible plot, creates a suspense, at once relentless and uproarious, from the emotional interplay—jocular, obscene, derisive or sardonic—among prisoners and their wardens who, it is clear, are no less prisoners than the men they keep watch over.

At the very end of the play, Behan for all his cleverness at concealment almost gives the game away. The Quare Fellow (who never appears on stage) has been hanged, his grave dug, and the prisoners who dug it are set to quarrel over the last mortal possessions of the dead man—final letters to his family "worth money

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to the Sunday papers"—which are supposed to be flung into the grave after him. Instead, they divide the spoils among themselves, tossing the last letter up in a play of chance: "What side are you on? The blank side or the side with the address?" The identity of the Quare Fellow—and his relation to prisoners, wardens and audience—is intimated, but no more insistently than this. And so the game is not quite given away, the tragic mask is not displayed, and the dramatic surfaces of the play are preserved intact and unspoiled. The tragedy remains as invisible as the Quare Fellow himself, in an almost pure state, so to speak, so perfectly is it encapsulated in the coarse rinds of comedy.

The Hostage is also set in a prison of sorts—this time improvised from a disreputable Dublin lodging house where a young cockney soldier is held captive in reprisal against the hanging of an I.R.A. man the following morning. In one sense the play can be taken as Ireland's rowdiest contribution to the theatre of the absurd; in another, it is a parody of the absurd itself. The young cockney seems always in greater danger of losing his mind than his life as he is set to simmer in an Irish stew of young tarts and old rebels, pimps, perverts and counterspies, religious crackpots and preposterous patriots. Of course he can make no sense of any of them (neither, at first, can an audience) except for Teresa, an unspoiled skivvy, who out of love brings him cigarettes and beer and eventually herself. But not even love can save him; he is to lose more than his cockney heart.

There is almost palpable shock in a theatre when the young soldier is shot down; death surely is out of place in a bawdy romp the like of this—and yet, after the stomping and the shouting, the jigging and joking and singing, the taunting of audience and author and everyone else in sight, after farce and folly have driven all else out of mind but folly and farce, the comic mask is for a moment wrenched aside to afford a glimpse into an absurd and unthinkable dark where grin and grimace are one. But only for a moment. After a decent brief lament by Teresa, the corpse pops up (Instant Resurrection in Behan's canon) and, facing the audience, ends the play with a song:

The bells of hell
Go ting-a-ling-a-ling
For you but not for me.
Oh death where is thy
Sting-a-ling-a-ling
Or grave thy victory?

The song, though this is not apparent from the text, is directed at the audience, and the audience has already been made to identify—at times almost physically—with the outrageously simple-hearted, perversely obtuse, people on stage. And the stage now becomes, as it was for Shaw, a pulpit for Behan; his preacher, a corpse that claps its hands and sings, gives chapter and verse for the dramatic shenanigans just concluded: the pseudo-heroic in Irish life has been deflated, political posturing—parochial or imperial—in a world that can "muck about with the moon" is mocked as against all common sense and common humanity, and only the victim of this madness can in the end enter a plea of innocence. The play is Brendan Behan's private effort at still another kind of *aggiornamento*.

Behan, a modest man, made some claim for the play's originality, a claim that may be allowed but with qualification. It was originally called *An Giall*, for he wrote it first in Irish (within, he says, twelve days) and saw it performed, without notable success, in Dublin's Damer Hall in 1957. It was not until Joan Littlewood's London production the following year that its success became spectacular and, in short time, international. A frothy resemblance to *The Three Penny Opera*—and to Gay's earlier opera—had been noted quickly enough, but a more striking similarity to Frank O'Connor's *Guests of the Nation*, and especially to Ian McKenzie's dramatization of that short story, seems to have been passed over. As for the jokes, scattered like studs through the dialogue, Behan pilfered them with assurance from any source at hand—two of the best being lifted directly from *Ulysses*, whose author would have been delighted. Behan at times even plagiarized himself, a habit that in his later work becomes tiresome.

Borstal Boy in 1958 can be called, and it has been, Behan's Portrait of the Artist as a Young Delinquent. It is the most carefully written of all his work, and in the sense that it creates its own form it is also his most original. Ostensibly an autobiography, the story of his early years in jail, it has at the same time the quality and effect of a novel of adolescence: experience becomes knowledge, idealism becomes reality, boy becomes man. This particular boy, intelligent but ignorant, learns quickly:

But in two months Walton Jail had made me very anxious for a truce with the British. I had come to the conclusion, not only that everything I had ever read or heard in history about them was true, but that they were bigger and crueller bastards than I had taken them for, lately. Because with tyrants all over Europe, I had begun to think that maybe they weren't the worst after all but, by Jesus, now I knew they were, and I was not defiant of them but frightened.

This fear is the beginning of Behan's wisdom, and as wisdom grows, fear recedes, until at last the boy is brought to the realization that human decency is a quality of persons, having little to do with politics or party or blood or belief, and that it can and does flourish even among his traditional enemies. It is this growing realization that gives the book its shape.

An impressive amount of modern writing, whether or not in every case myth and experience are made coordinate, centers around a "descent into hell"—a drop from one level of hopelessness to another until, in a writer

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—Manchester Guardian

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—Anthony Eden

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like Beckett for example, the final drop is through language itself into despairing silence. Not so with Behan. He reverses the process and his book, as John Wain put it, "spirals upwards, beginning at the very bottom of a pit of despair and ill-treatment and ending in the sunshine." Though apt, the figure of the spiral does not fully describe the form or effect of the book. There are no loose ends to *Borstal Boy*, nor is the reader left, in the end, up in the air. The book is calculated, complete, finished—a not always easy achievement, especially in the deceptively easy genre of autobiography. A more adequate figure may be that of *two* spirals which, like Yeats's interpenetrating gyres, create and sustain tension and form by the immergence of one cone of darkness into a second cone of light. Or to put it differently, the horror of the first part shades off into the humor of the second as imperceptibly as one color changes into another in and out from the center of that fascinating toy, the mechanical top, when set spinning at the touch of a child's hand.

This is Behan's most engaging quality as a writer that, like a child at play, he takes such obvious, and so highly communicable, a joy in what he is doing. And like a child, the artist sets his own rules which have very little to do with other kinds of rules which may govern other kinds of worlds outside the bounds of the special game he is making up. Behan's world is that of the immediately given—sight, taste, touch, smell, sound—especially, in all its extravagant raciness and variety of rhythm and accent, the sound of the human voice. Excluded from this world are pronouncements of judgments, the posing of Big Questions, the probing of psyches—almost, one might say, thought itself, man's distinctive genius for destroying his own innocence and everybody else's happiness. Behan's innocence here in the company of queers, rapists and murderers, among torrential streams of criminal obscenity, under a constant rain of blasphemies indistinguishable for the most part from that piety that generates them, is untouched. He is at play, and it is the game alone that engages him, a game so finely contrived that it is essentially simple.

That is why it is beside the mark to compare, as some would, Behan to Genet. Behan was not a criminal by nature or inclination (he was not a prisoner by inclination either, but by political luck), and he would certainly have had no truck with *mystiques* of any kind, still less with those gravitating around a cult of the sinister or the depraved. His intent was not to confront, but to accommodate. He was not interested in the criminal mind but in men who, by a luck no better than his own, had been judged to be criminals. And as a man he was himself profoundly, at times obstreperously, responsive to those who seemed to him not to have had a fair shake of the tree. These were the people he wrote about and this was his reason for writing, and as this kind of writer he is always able, often excellent, and never profound.

Spring

Season
close to water —
rain
in the morning
and after

— cars
in wet streets
passing
with the even
strokes of swimmers

Jack Anderson

Unfortunately, Brendan Behan was not always this kind of writer. Four other books have been published, two of them posthumously, and a fifth and presumably final publication is reported to be on the way. None of these can add a whit to his reputation as a writer or much to his reputation as a wit.

The Scarperer, published in 1964, is a novel, actually a novella, which Behan wrote for serialization in *The Irish Times* as far back as 1953. It is a police romance on the model of Ewen Montague's *The Man Who Never Was*, but peopled with affable Dublin crooks and told now in an Irish brogue. Not as gripping as a Graham Greene "entertainment," not quite as charming as the usual *divertissement*, it falls not too flatly somewhere between the two. That is about as much as can be said for it. And that is why it is painful, if you read the *New Statesman* or the blurb on the book's jacket, to be told that this "without doubt is the most important book of its kind to be published this century." Unless there is some cunning reservation hidden in that statement about the book being *sui generis*, this is to force upon the wholly acceptable principle of *nil nisi bonum* a burden it cannot bear. Behan himself, I think, would have been embarrassed by this kind of well-meant but misplaced praise, for he as much as admitted what he himself thought of *The Scarperer* when he explained why he wrote it under a phony name. (The pseudonym was Emmet Street, the name of a road in North Dublin opposite that in which he was reared.) He was, he said, "short of the readies," and *The Irish Times* had then ninety fat pounds to ready and steady him.

His other three books—*Brendan Behan's Island* (1962), *Hold Your Hour and Have Another* (1963), *Brendan Behan's New York* (1964)—are for the most part catchalls of a newspaper man (though there is a one-act play, "The Big House," in one of these books, and something very like a short story in another) who, suddenly become famous, finds his old columns have taken on an importance for others and a price for himself beyond any former expectation, but not, happily for him, beyond immediate realization. As the quality of this work declines, the format of each succeeding books seems to become fancier and more formidable—heavier paper, more copious illustration, generous margins, larger print—as if openly to signify that these are strictly publishing ventures, designed possibly for the gift trade, for people who can own books without much feeling the need to read them. Perhaps they are, but for all that they can be looked on kindly, not critically, for from one to another we see in them a finely talented man, witty and valiant still, but gone wearier and wearier, going like a swimmer out from shore ever more weakly into depths whose surfaces are less and less able to sustain him. Brendan Behan of Dublin, writing in the first of these books of the island he knew and people he loved, was a man whose rebelly ramshackle company was good and invigorating, and a different man than the Brendan Behan writing in the last book of a New York where he was a celebrated but transient immigrant who, turned the wrong way out, chit-chatted along Broadway to an off-beat tune he could seldom find the right words for.

The fifth and last book—to be called, we are told, *Confessions of an Irish Rebel*—will not in any real sense be "written" at all. Whatever now exists of it has been talked into a tape recorder from which it is to be passed out through the typewriter of Mrs. Rae Jeffs of the staff of Behan's British publisher, Hutchinson, to Bernard Geis Associates, the New York publisher, who has promised duly to acknowledge—but who will distin-

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guish?—Mrs. Jeff's contribution to the Behan canon.

A few days after Brendan Behan died, a mutual friend just returned from Dublin stopped me in Sheridan Square to talk about the news from Ireland. Had I heard what were Behan's last words? I had not till then. As he lay dying, apparently in a coma, an attentive nun hovered about solicitously. As she bent over him a last time to smooth a pillow, Brendan opened one dark eye and whispered to her: "Thank you, Sister—may you be the mother of a bishop!" "The story is probably not true," our friend said, "but it could have been."

Indeed it could have been. And that could almost serve as epitaph for Brendan Behan.

Exile from the Emerald Isle

Jack Ludwig

The first two of Brian Moore's four novels*_The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne_ and _The Feast of Lupercal_ could have been called _Belfast-ers_. The model was Joyce's _Dubliners_, but curiously muted, just as Belfast is a muter Dublin. In _Dubliners_ two kinds of characters are dominant—those of sensitivity and aspiration who struggle (or no longer struggle) against the bourgeois, church-ridden, nationalistic tone of the town; and characters caught in a life of loneliness, despair, humiliation. The characters of sensitivity point of course, to the Stephen Dedalus of _Portrait of the Artist As a Young Man_, that is, to a spiritual hero who takes on his society, in his mind trounces it, and then—like the gardener with the great lady—leaves it. Europe is the theatre for action needed by the aspiring hero; Ireland is for the Birdies.

Moore's earliest fiction is born out of the second world of _Dubliners_, that of the objectively unworthy, like Maria of Joyce's story, "Clay," whose humanity is not a matter of accomplishment, but of being. Moore's Judith and his Diarmud Devine live _below_ history, even below society. But their failure to enter the existential arena does not, in Moore's view, exclude them from the human race.

Moore has none of Joyce's anger. Joyce is always implying in his earlier work that the inadequacy of Dublin is to blame for the suffering of gentle, insignificant people like Maria. He obviously feels Maria's suffering much more than she does, and his anger epiphanizes the gratuitous ugliness and cruelty of everyone around her. Moore does not blame. His focus is on the suffering itself. And, unlike Maria, his insignificant characters suffer much from contemplating their own insignificance. Judith Hearne, or Diarmud Devine would no sooner strike out for the Big Life in Europe than Gabriel Conroy's old Aunt Morkan would, she with the fix on galoshes as European.

In Moore's work awareness is paralysis. To discover oneself is to make visible the invisible shackle which was always there. The one thing impossible to contemplate is change. Every recognition, every epiphanic moment is confirmation of life's hoplessness. The sensitive characters of _Dubliners_ know they must get out; Stephen Dedalus does; but Moore's characters see themselves as the trapped—not by Belfast but, more harshly, by the genetic hand they were dealt. Judith Hearne would like to be someone quite different; Diarmud Devine can't bear knowing he's a kind of "old woman."

Stephen's big boast is that he will do for Ireland what it could not do for him, or itself; to do that he must move to the centers of political, intellectual and artistic power—Europe. A couple of generations later, of course, Europe is no longer the center of power. And when Brian Moore (unlike his characters) decided to go out from Belfast, he struck out not for Europe but for the "New World," as any good Irishman—Dublin boyo or Belfast—should. Joyce's world and Moore's are that different. But thinking of Moore's fiction as one continuous motion, the shift from Belfast to Canada and to New York—the settings for Moore's four novels—is almost inevitable.

Ginger Coffey, the hero of Moore's third novel, is in Montreal, come from Belfast—not as Stephen Dedalus wanted to come to Europe, to overwhelm it, but, simply, as an immigrant looking for a better job than Ireland offers. Sociologically the first two novels allow for no break with the immediate environment; _The Luck of Ginger Coffey_ says, in effect, _if I ain't much at least I can earn more in the New World_, and the break with Belfast is final.

In both _Judith Hearne_ and _The Feast of Lupercal_ Moore is faced with a great artistic problem: how can one have a drab city, a drab situation, drab characters and avoid writing a drab novel. The tussle is, at best, a tie. In _Ginger Coffey_, however, the vigor of Montreal, a cold French city, and the color of Ginger, a kind of clown, put an end to drabness.

Ginger Coffey is Moore's Leopold Bloom, an unlucky, unsuccessful guy who overcomes the dull facts of his life and, doing so, adds new dimensions to the fiction of the objectively

*_The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne_. Little, Brown (1955).
The Feast of Lupercal. Little, Brown (1957).
The Luck of Ginger Coffey. Little, Brown (1960).
An Answer from Limbo. Little, Brown (1962).

Jack Ludwig is a short-story writer, critic and the author of a novel, Confusions _(New York Graphic Society)._

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unworthy. Bloom's *facts* are wretched: suicide father, dead only son, the alien daughter, cuckolding wife, hostile city —a bust as lover, drinker, man-on-the-town. The silent Bloom, however, who feels, records, thinks, judges, is a fantastic success. Not in the world of reality but in the interior world of the novel. Moore tries to write Ginger Coffey on the Bloom model. Ginger is the unheroic hero—which neither Judith Hearne nor Diarmud Devine could be; he is the objectively unworthy man of small talent and smaller accomplishment who is *not* locked in. Stephen Dedalus' push for a heroic encounter with his dead society is replaced by the "small man's" equivalent —a binge, a quickie affair, or the glory of telling the boss off.

Moore has Joyce's compassion, Joyce's ability to see past hierarchies: Ginger Coffey's death, like Bloom's, would—unlike the death of Achilles, Oedipus, Churchill—leave the world unchanged. That's what it means to live *below* history. But the death of any man is for both writers the death of *being*, more to be sorrowed over than the fall of a sparrow. The new theatre of action for Ginger Coffey is unaffected by him, doesn't even know he is in it. But it *is*, unlike Belfast, a theatre *for* action, and has, in consequence, a spark and a life of its own whether or not realized by Ginger.

I suppose the biggest difference between Joyce's world and time and ours, Moore's, is the disappearance of the center of power as an accessible thing. The young man striking out on his own in Joyce's time saw civilization in crisis, and himself as rescuer. Joyce as a kid wrote a letter to Ibsen. Ibsen was available, Joyce's equal. The European theatre was at hand, the future scene of great triumphs. The New World's meaning to a writer like Moore is, I think, quite different. Though America is the center of political power and, in most ways, of intellectual and artistic power, that is not America's prime meaning in the world at large. Joyce did not search out Europe because it was rich and comfortable; America, in addition to its power, is, of course, rich and comfortable. Comfort may not be civilization but it is—who argues?—comfort.

Thus Moore's first hero in the New World, Ginger Coffey, is most unlike Joyce's Stephen; it is not the New World's culture or civilization Ginger has come in search of, but its "opportunity," a job, a family, a . . . home. The safe thing. America is not a theatre for existential discoveries. Ginger will neither transform nor be transformed. See how silly it sounds to say "Comfort is at the crossroads"?

Moore's *An Answer from Limbo* is, unsurprisingly, set in New York City. But for the first time the Stephen Dedalus prototype enters Moore's fiction; where Ginger Coffey did a menial job in a newspaper office, Moore's new hero, Brendan Tierney, is a magazine employee who has arrived as a writer. His musings are on a different scale from Moore's previous characters, though he's essentially not sharp, overly talented, or excessively interesting and, like Judith and Diarmud and Ginger, always yapping about his failure.

Brendan Tierney, in sharp contrast to the hyperborean Stephen Dedalus who gives the world figs, is an *arriviste*, one who looks on his contract for a novel as a breakthrough, a hope, the beginning of a new life. He doesn't want to engage the world heroically. He wants to be a success. His fantasies tell him what success involves—a rich, socially prominent, exceptionally brilliant and strikingly beautiful *young* girl whom he (like Saul Bellow's Herzog) will be able to kiss and fondle in full view of an admiring, envious world. Tierney is Joyce's Gabriel Conroy come to America because art in America, for those born lowly, is the surest way to make it socially—and, of course, financially.

Unlike Moore's earlier heroes Tierney is a flamboyant, not a drab, narcissist. He owlishly contemplates the Thomas Mann "truths" about the art-life struggle and, while his mother is dying and his wife is forced into a wretched affair with an office creep, continues to lament his failure as a man, and suggest it's because he's got himself a success as a writer.

In Moore's first two books the texture and the techniques of fiction were regular, prim, not disturbing. Point of view was restricted to the central character, largely, and the prose was neat, fine within its range. *Ginger Coffey* opened things up. The clown character of Ginger was carefully built up out of tags, clichés, but, more significantly, was dramatized in a colorful rhythm, a little stage Irish but wonderful in a novel. In *An Answer from Limbo* Moore pushed on artistically: Brendan Tierney's point of view dominates the novel but his wife, Jane, and his mother are allotted large segments told from their respective points of view. It is Moore's first real technical innovation and is an echo, however faint, of what Joyce so magnificently accomplished in *Ulysses*.

Moore is, like Joyce, essentially a city writer and, again like Joyce, someone who reacts to the city with lyric double awareness—the ugliness is there, but also the vigor. His New York is exciting, as his Montreal was in *Ginger Coffey*, and again it's evidence of the expanding possibilities as one moves from one novel to the next. Where Judith and Diarmud hold the world to the dimensions of their sad, despairing visions, Ginger lives in a world larger than his awareness of it, and so does Brendan Tierney; Tierney's New York has the spark the New World promised. And its tone doesn't depend on Tierney alone: both Jane and Grandma Tierney glimpse a city of our modern doubleness. The texture of the novel, then, is made up of a dozen different views and visions. The drab world of Belfast has been replaced by the mystery, danger and power of New York. And, if change itself is not in the offing, upward mobility or "bettering of oneself" is in the realm of possibility. The paralysis, hopelessness, colorlessness of Moore's first two novels is, I think, a dramatic equivalent of his Belfast. And it is not Europe which stands opposed to Belfast. It is New York. When Stephen Dedalus leaves he goes to "embrace life" in Europe; to "embrace life" in this, our time, Moore seems to be saying, one goes to America. Not just to "make it," but to be in the presence of the real thing as well.

His America is not the America of D. H. Lawrence, or Brendan Behan, or Dylan Thomas; there is no European one-upping such as Waugh plays at, and as Huxley did—though he had lived in the country for years. The television civilization and Madison Avenue camping games are seen, recorded, not approved, but not dwelt on either. America, with all its shortcomings and crassness, is the theatre of possibility for the modern world. The novels, run together, dramatize a pilgrimage, Moore's own pilgrimage, from breakthrough to breakthrough—out of paralysis, death, into comic awareness, complexity, in a world—New York—which is definitely *in* history. In Belfast, Moore seems to be saying, one necessarily lives *below* history, because Belfast itself is *below* history. In New York one can, at least, glimpse, or perhaps touch, history and power. *An Answer from Limbo* is, then, the inevitable novel the Brian Moore who left Belfast would come to write.

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Two Against Chaos

THE DEAD LECTURER. By LeRoi Jones. Grove Press. 79 pp. $3.50 cloth. $1.45 paper.

BLACK AND WHITE. By Gilbert Sorrentino. Totem Press/Corinth Books. $1.25 paper.

Richard Howard

In his first collection of poems, four years ago, LeRoi Jones offered a jumpy, provocative series of stances toward his own energies—sexual, political, aesthetic. He ranged from a long, funny piece on the posturings of negritude:

Monday, I spent most of the day hunting.
Knocked off about six, gulped down a cou-
ple of monkey foreskins, then took in a flick. Got to bed early . . .

through love poems in celebration of the body's pride, to affectionate gestures in the direction of the poetry he likes—and for Jones, to like is to become—Creeley, O'Hara, Olson, Williams and Duncan. He left us with this definition of "what a poem / is: A turning away . . . / from what it was / had moved us . . . A / madness." And a critical sense of the self which was doing the turning:

But this also
is part of my charm:
a maudlin nostalgia
that comes on
like terrible thoughts about death.

I felt there was one superb poem in that earlier book, *One Night Stand,* and many beautiful, desperate fragments—as Jones puts it, addressing himself:

the chords
of your disorder meddle with your would-be disguises.

In this new book of poems, the poet has become much surer of his own voice, much braver with it and gayer, for in wrestling with the solipsistic violence of his feelings he appears to have discovered his identity: he is the man who says, "wherever I go to claim my flesh, there are entrances of spirit." Yet it is difficult to chalk up the gains, because the desperation and the fragmentation have also enlarged. I suppose when we speak of a poet "growing" we cannot exclude the possibility that his destructive element will grow along with his expressive capacities. Certainly not one of these poems is wholly *made,* or even whole. Nowhere do I recognize in these shattered phrases, in these abrupt releases of attention, the impulse to shape, to seek the containing form. As before, the energies are centrifugal, explosive, and the technical devices which convey those energies merely blur their uncertain margin of intent: single parentheses, slash marks, phonetic spellings, Poundian contractions, aberrant punctuation, broken lines, the absence of any "formality" beyond the decorum of arrangement on the page and, perhaps, a pattern of breathing. Again there are the violent confrontations with the corrupt, always corrupting world:

You know the pity
of democracy, that we must sit here
and listen to how he made his money . . .
"Love" becomes the pass,
the word taken intimately to combat
all the uses of language. So that learning
itself falls into disrepute.

But bulking much larger than this kind of self-justification decked out as social criticism, with which we are also familiar in Mr. Jones's plays, are the repeated variations on the theme of splendor and misery in the poet, the man in conflict not with "the politics of rich painters" but with his own opposing self:

I stagger, and remember / my own terrible
blankness and lies . . .

I fondle what
I find
of myself. Of you
what I understand . . .

I see what I love most and will not leave
what futile lies I have.
I am where there
is nothing, save myself . . .

and finally:

I am as I must have
myself. Against all
thought, all music, all
my soft loves . . .

Brutality and pride are construed now as the signs of an inward war, and not merely as the sins of "the totally ignorant who are our leaders, the completely devious who are our lovers." These are the agonized poems of a man writing to save his skin, or at least to settle in it, and so urgent is their purpose that not one of them can trouble to be perfect, even to aspire toward such varnish as they may momentarily suggest:

And let me once, create
myself. And let you, whoever
sits now breathing on my words
create a self of your own. One
that will love me.

Gilbert Sorrentino, too, wrote an earlier, slighter, more tentative book before his new volume, and though *Black and White* is gratifyingly stronger than that book and contains many more completed poems (as opposed to notes for poems), nevertheless there is a continuity in this poet's entire effort, call it a generosity of vocation, which is not to be found in LeRoi Jones's work. Sorrentino is often, still, a self-acknowledged ephebus of Creeley, though his apprenticeship, in most of these poems, is over with—no longer writing "after Creeley," he might be said to be writing Creeley's poems before him. All of the work in this collection dates from '59 to '61, and affords a corollary proposition to his striking axiom in that first book:

whatever will become
of the lyric,
that will become
of the I.

The self these lyrics have created, then, is as centripetal as Jones's is explosive: Mr. Sorrentino prefers to bring the thorns of life into closer range, the better to examine and perhaps blunt them, rather than fling himself anywhere upon them. "The shape of the gesture, the form of it"—that is his preoccupation, and of course it permits him to accommodate the world far more accurately, more coherently than the other poet's deliquescence. Not fragments of the despairing self, but a consecution in observed phenomena: hence Sorrentino has a visionary response to nature:

In Arizona: December

Clouds crawling mountains
the air is red
with dust, the sky

glitters with malice
and pitiful
rabbits

are just able to keep
their lives whole
in this hell

of tumbleweed
and gasping green
cactus and rock

is the mountains
and rock is the land
and all grace

is distorted there . . .

Richard Howard is working on his second book of poems; his first was Quantities *(Wesleyan Press). He writes criticism for* Partisan Review *and* Poetry.

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and a naturalistic one to personality:

When I was younger
I thought all stronger

men were silent. I have always
talked, too much, and hated
it in myself. But what is speech
but the release of strength

that threatens to destroy us?
What is speech but
the incantation that can make
men out of mud and mountains

out of slime and nothingness? . . .

and his invention of selfhood has left, like so many worm-casts, a number of beautiful and original lyrics along the way: "The Memory," "Maytime"—probably the best single poem in the book—"Cards," "Fable, with Zodiac," "The Abstraction" and the long "Shapes of Winter," whose title, again, is indicative of this poet's concern.

Which is not to suggest that Sorrentino has an easy time of it: if there is a way in which he resembles Jones, it is in his struggle against an encroaching chaos and night, and in consequence all the edges of his world are tinged with doom or dread:

The calibrations
of these states are smudged so that
I cannot tell
if they are fakes or actual precisions.

Anyway it all came out one color
and one suit
as perfect as a flush, in spades. The
night
drained through the hole the moon
had made
and everything was clothed in gray.

He has, though, opposed the darkness, and his book is the reader's reward as well as his own. If he occasionally strikes one as solemn or humorless, that is the cost, surely, of making poems rather than jokes. The effort is not merely to endure, it is to complete.

The Gift of Survival

CATHERINE THE GREAT. By Zoé Oldenbourg. Translated from the French by Anne Carter. Pantheon Books. 378 pp. $5.95.

Hector Chevigny

When she was young no one could seriously have expected her ever to become a sovereign of the Russians. To begin with, she was a German, and the Russians had a particular animus toward her people. Her blood was not royal, indeed her family belonged to the pettier section of the nobility. She was not beautiful or even very striking. Nor was she confident of bearing or graceful of manner. Besides, she was an intellectual. Her world was books, particularly the works of the French enlightenment, which was hardly the education for a future autocrat. She was a born teacher, and had she been allowed to marry within her own small-beer German society, her main achievement would in all likelihood have been no more than the rearing of a dozen well-scrubbed, well-educated, devoutly Lutheran youngsters.

How she became Catherine the Great of Russia and, ultimately, an inspiration to Mae West, is a story she herself told in a memoir to which historians have paid insufficient attention. To be sure, she wrote in hope of causing posterity to think well of her but she could be curiously truthful about herself, and with clarity she saw the steps by which she evolved into a personage of power and glamour. Not that she changed completely. To the end of her long, thirty-four-year reign she remained a pedagogue. Even as she lived her spectacular love life she lectured her court in morals and manners. For some time she professed the doctrinaire liberalism of the period and so successfully did she implant the culture of France on St. Petersburg that, until 1917, even the confidential correspondence of the Russian Foreign Service was in French. Save for Peter the Great, no sovereign did more to turn Russia's face to the West.

The biographies devoted to Catherine are numerous, but mainly they deal with her late years and pay so little attention to her rise that she has been left an unexplained phenomenon, a mystery to be understood according to one's own bent. Not so this biography by Zoé Oldenbourg, who shrewdly perceived that the early period is the best and most revealing part of Catherine's story. Mme. Oldenbourg, a winner of the *Prix Femina*, is one of the brighter literary lights of Europe. This is her first incursion into biography—her main field has been historical fiction—but she succeeds admirably in bringing to life the enigmatic figure of Catherine, whose own memoir on her rise is used to great advantage along with many other documents.

Catherine was 15 when she was brought to the Russian court to be espoused to the heir, a sadly neurotic boy incapable of loving her. The sovereign was his aunt, the unmarried Empress Elizabeth, who was no less a dominant personality for being a profligate, spendthrift woman whose chief interest was her lovers and her 15,000 dresses. To this model of behavior Catherine was exposed for eighteen of her most formative years. The strict moral code she had learned in her father's house went the more swiftly for the utterly loveless character of her marriage. A normal girl with normal desires, she found no lack of potent, handsome men willing to tell her she was as beautiful as she was learned. She also learned to keep her footing amid the politics incessantly played in the most chaotic court in Europe. When, in 1762, at 33, by coup of the Imperial Guard and over her husband's dead body she was made sovereign, the simple fact was that of all who were in line for the honor, she was the most able.

Zoé Oldenbourg makes Catherine real by simple dint of investing her with the attributes of a human being. We see her as a figure of sympathy, a girl originally of few complications thrown into a harsh situation to which she had to learn to adapt or die. She did have the gift of survival, which in her circumstances depended upon besting at their own game those who would have destroyed her. But Mme. Oldenbourg does a puzzling thing. Having built up the picture of a quite human person, she then tears it down. In this endeavor she says things quite contrary to the known facts of history, notably that Catherine did nothing for the merchant class, whereas it is well established that Catherine gave Russian business its first taste of freedom under the new doctrine of laissez faire.

The denigration of Catherine is done mostly in the last chapter which is titled "Conclusion," apparently meaning the conclusion to be carried away about the subject. In this chapter Catherine is left stripped of all sense of honor, all generosity, all honest intention. She is seen as a one-dimensional schemer for power whose reign was a great calamity for Russia.

The impression one gets from this concluding chapter, which is actually a sort of lecture, is that the author felt obliged to write it. The expressed view

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of Catherine is traditional among *émigrés* and Mme. Oldenbourg belongs in that category. The jacket of the book states she was born in Leningrad "of a family of scholars and historians," that her early childhood was spent among the privations of the revolutionary period, and that with her family she escaped to Paris at the age of 9. Survivors of the old regime tend to explain its shortcomings by holding Catherine generally responsible—she was neither a Romanov nor a Russian. One *émigré* of my acquaintance even solemnly maintains that Catherine created serfdom. Readers of Mme. Oldenbourg's book are, nevertheless, likely to forget the curious peroration at the end and to retain the first picture she created, that of the eminently human German girl caught in a situation having few parallels in history.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

THE MOSCOW ART THEATRE: Part 2

Russians, even more than Americans, are given to examining and identifying themselves. In enthusiasm or rancor, often with a mingling of both, the Russians are endlessly preoccupied with their national destiny. It is a kind of agonized patriotism. This uneasy self-consciousness is symptomatic of a "new" and powerful people aware of late development among nations. Just at the moment when Gogol was about to reveal his genius—then to be followed by a line of master novelists—the critic Belinsky (1811-48) complained, "Russia has no literature." All this self-accusation is evidence of growth; when self-congratulation sets in there is a decline.

We have seen how Gogol in *Dead Souls* derides his country in anguished and loving laughter. Chekhov weeps softly and gently mocks the sloth of the educated middle class of a later time. Some critics have found a devastating ennui to be the main theme and target of Chekhov's work. But Tolstoy, I believe, has defined ennui as the desire for desire. In this vein I have always thought of Chekhov as the dramatist of yearning. His people long to break their bondage. Their "chains" are largely social-political, but because Chekhov thought of these impedimenta as inevitable burdens of the human condition in general, his stories and plays transcend the limitations of narrowly "sociological" writing.

In *The Three Sisters* the grief and yearning are at their most intense. *The Cherry Orchard* (Chekhov's last play, written in 1904, three years after *The Three Sisters*) marks a progression to another stage of the Russian saga. It is more "historical" than his previous plays. In it the earlier social implications begin to take more definite shape. While the younger folk of *The Three Sisters* speak of working, in *The Cherry Orchard* one sees a man at work.

By the historical aspect of *The Cherry Orchard* I mean that we see in it four generations: the senile servant Firs (old Russia) who speaks of his release from serfdom as a disaster; the masters of the estate who have developed grace, sensibility and detachment from reality through the legacy of the aristocratic forebears; the burgeoning energy of the merchant Lopakhin of peasant origin and now graduating to capitalist status; the seedlings of future revolutionary movements in the still fumbling student Trofimov, and young Anya whom he addresses as if he were "above love."

The motor force of the play is certainly Lopakhin. He is possibly in love with the owner of the cherry orchard, Ranevskaya, whom he regretfully but unequivocally removes. How does Chekhov feel about these people? He is understanding and affectionate. He makes us see what is fatuous about Ranevskaya and her brother Gaev but also that they are full of heart and profoundly kind. Lopakhin is bearish without malice, endowed with a coarse drive capable of killing without deliberate intention. The young are aspiring birds, not yet full-fledged, with wings weakened by the heavy air of their environment. Still, they will fly and our hope is in them. Chekhov is a seer, a tender god ready to accept whatever happens in life which, painful though it may be to individuals, is somehow "just."

In the ambiguity of the play—an ambiguity neither mystic nor opaque—lies the cause for the debates as to how it should be staged. It is said that Chekhov thought Stanislavsky had made his characters maudlin, and had indeed "ruined" his play. Yet, reading the text, one notes how often the stage directions indicate a character weeping. (When Meyerhold in 1935 produced several of Chekhov's one-act plays, he called the evening "Thirty-Three Faintings." Every time a character became "emotional," he or she fell into a sort of cataleptic spell accompanied by music with a "dying fall." But the Soviet public remained cold to Meyerhold's comment. Chekhov had not intended his comedies to be that dispassionate.)

There can be no doubt: Stanislavsky's Chekhov was more sorrowful than certain latter-day readings, considered more "advanced." I shall never forget the heartbreak—not without its humor—when Stanislavsky as Gaev in the original production, reached ineffectually for his handkerchief, then unable to control himself burst into tears in bidding his sister and family home farewell. The revised (Soviet) production which we now see, praised by Kenneth Tynan for having blown "the cobwebs off the play," is much more straightforward. The new historical perspective dictates this. Lopakhin becomes very nearly a heroic figure—attractive, immensely forceful, almost elegant, admirable in every respect. After all he represents the march forward in Russia's development!

The Moscow Art Theatre production at the City Center, like that of *The Three Sisters*, was effortless and infinitely scrupulous, with several excellent performances and, as usual, marked by a feeling for the effect of the whole. There is certainly no "fainting" and very few tears. Yet I suspect that the ground has been cut from

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beneath the play. Some of this impression comes from the fact that the Ranevskaya of the occasion strikes one as a solid and sensible bourgeoise, not a touchingly befuddled romantic—soulful, inept and, above all, lost. This Ranevskaya should not run off, as Chekhov has her do, to take care of her moribund and rascally lover in Paris, but settle down comfortably with the reliable and eminently successful Lopakhin. Making Chekhov a thoroughly "positive" dramatist makes him a much blunter one.

Pogodin's *Kremlin Chimes*, written during the war (approximately forty years after *The Cherry Orchard*) does not convey the Russia of the twenties as much as it does the state of contemporary Soviet play writing. I am not at all contemptuous of it, but I wonder if it is as socially salutary as Soviet authorities presumably believe it to be.

The theme is the Bolshevik attitude toward the old intelligentsia in the early days of the regime. Lenin is made the embodiment of the Soviet position. An electrical engineer, convinced that he is to be discarded by the new government, comes to realize that Lenin is not only eager to make use of, but to honor, the engineer's knowledge and collaboration. He too can help build the new Russia.

There is truth in the thesis; to scoff at it is snide and mistaken. The play is encouraging and resolutely good natured. That it is crude in construction and primitive in characterization are grave faults—faults which are perhaps inevitable under the circumstances of its writing. (Mature drama never appears full blown in any new society.) It is a good thing too that Soviet dramatists devote themselves to what actually concerns the majority of their countrymen in the task of bringing about spiritual and ideological coherence.

What disturbs me in *Kremlin Chimes*, apart from its artistic shortcomings, is that its mode and mood are not entirely the spontaneous outgrowth of a natural sentiment but the product of a prescribed plan. There is more self-criticism in the more recent Soviet plays, but it rarely extends beyond the official demand for optimism—which nearly always ends in smacking of complacency. And where complacency persists rot begins.

I would not have Soviet dramatists veer to pessimism. They are not pessimistic any more than are the Soviet people, nor should they be. But a positive view of life is sound only when all that is negative is truly experienced and expressed. That is why the "sad" Chekhov and the bitter Gorky endure and in the end prove socially more invigorating than any of the Soviet plays. Wholesome Americans and staunch adherents of the Soviet system should both learn that nothing is so debilitating as an automatic optimism, good cheer turned out by rote. To be sure, a studied and entrenched pessimism is even worse. Both postures are evasions.

The settings for *Kremlin Chimes* look fatigued: the production has been determinedly trundled about from country to country, to meet routine resistance almost everywhere. The acting, which has some delightful moments in minor parts and highly efficient jobs in the more prominent ones, lacks the firm roots to be found in the other productions. Still I found the evening engaging and the company's efforts appealing. I looked at it all, not with the eye of the theatre professional (usually removed from all considerations apart from the "art") but with fellow feeling for citizens all over our world where very little is simple enough to be facilely dismissed or innocently received.

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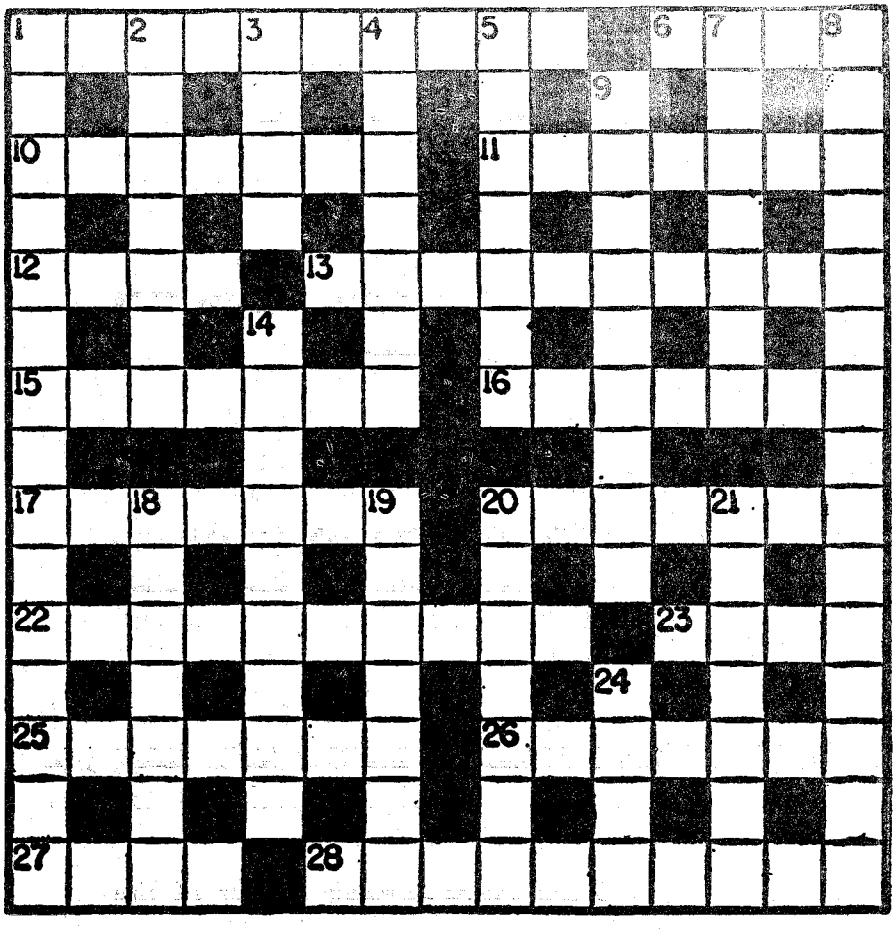
By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Automobile countries construct such plants. (10)
6 Employer who might be caught in a serious error. (4)
10 What a cowboy might be doing around a number playing rather boisterously. (7)
11 Does he seem to have a strong desire to conclude an existentialist pronouncement? (7)
12 We're told we'd rather not fly to others that we know not of. (4)
13 An amusing lad in a way, but in quite a mix-up. (10)
15 A diver wouldn't want to get tangled up with such a flighty concern. (3, 4)
16 A little woman surrounded by fruit? They're rather spicy! (7)
17 Denied entrance in the back room, if small and private. (7)
20 A freckle might be gone, 'til it appears this way. (7)
22 Making a wrong decision suggests a beauty contest. (10)
23 One of the 12 of Sir Andrew, no longer brash. (4)
25 All but the initial phase of the bracelet is designed by her. (7)
26 Look in what might make the scene for a way to pen things. (7)
27 Is it fair to contribute nothing to a request for assistance? (2-2)
28 How to make a quiet female type sign on something very unusual. (10)

DOWN:

1 Do they mark red-letter days on the calendar? (8, 7)
2 One wouldn't be expected to hold a position long, or stick to the subject. (7)
3 Rather keen to be a rising singer. (4)
4 One is not likely to be thankful to be where the coals burn low. (7)
5 In the press of business? Quite the opposite! (7)
7 Pope said this never taught the Indian's soul to stray. (7))
8 Awaits developments, implying availability for autopsy. (7, 2, 2, 4)
9 Falters when it comes to elegance of walk, perhaps. (9)
14 One of the reasons one shouldn't leave metal lying around in foggy days? (A man who does has no confidence.) (9)
18 Well-provided people might hope to have one of these. (7)
19 It needs a couple of letters to get the idea commonly, and harp on it, in a way. (7)
20 March was proclaimed by the hanging of one, historically. (7)
21 A standing row never shows how nails should not be positioned. (7)
24 A film likely to be considered offensive. (4)

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